THOMAS FLATMAN.

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POEMS AND SONGS.

BY

THOMAS FLATMAN.

The Third Edition
With Additions and Amendments.

——— *Me quoque Vatem*
Dicunt Pastores, sed non Ego credulus illis.
Virgil.

LONDON,
Printed for *Benjamin Tooke*, at the Ship in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard. 1682.

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TO HIS

GRACE

THE

DUKE

OF

ORMOND

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, *&c.*

In humble acknowledgment of
His Princely Favours
These *POEMS* are with all Dutiful
Respect

DEDICATED

By his GRACE's
Ever Oblig'd, and most
Obedient Servant,

Thomas Flatman.

PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

When I was prevail'd upon to make a Third Publication of these Poëms *with some Additions, it was told me, That without a* Preface *the Book would be unfashionable; Universal Custom had made it a Debt, and in this Age the* Bill of Fare *was as necessary as the* Entertainment. *To be Civil therefore, and to comply with Expectation, instead of an elaborate Harangue in Commendation of the Art in general, or what, and how many Qualifications go to the*

making up of a Poet *in particular, and without ſuch artificial Imbelliſhments as uſe to be the Ornament of Prefaces, as* Sayings of Philopners, Ends of Verſes, Greek, Latin, Hungarian, French, Welch, *or* Italian, *Be it known unto the Reader, That in my poor Opinion* Poëtry *ha's a very near Reſemblance to the modern Experiment of the* Ambling-Saddle; *It's a good Invention for ſmoothing the* Trott of Proſe; *That's the Mechanical uſe of it. But Phyſically it gives preſent Eaſe to the* Pains *of the* Mind, *contracted by violent Surfeit of either good or bad Uſage in the World. To be ſerious, 'tis an Innocent Help to* Sham *a Man's time when it lyes on his hands and his Fancy can Reliſh nothing elſe. I ſpeak but my own Experience, when any Accident hath either pleas'd or vex'd me beyond my power of expreſſing either*

ther my Satisfaction or Indignation in down-right Proſe, *I found it ſeaſonable for* Rhiming; *and I believe from what follows it may be diſcern'd when 'twas* Fair Weather, *when* Changeable, *and when the* Quickſilver *fell down to* Storm *and* Tempeſt. *As to the Meaſures obſerv'd by me, I always took a peculiar delight in the* Pindariqu' *ſtrain, and that for two Reaſons, Firſt, it gave me a liberty now and then to correct the ſaucy forwardneſs of a* Rhime, *and to lay it aſide till I had a mind to admit It; And ſecondly, if my Senſe fell at any time too ſhort for my* Stanza, (*and it will often happen ſo in Verſifying*) *I had then opportunity to fill it up with a* Metaphor *little to the purpoſe, and* (*upon occaſion*) *to run that* Metaphor *ſtark mad into an* Allegory, *a practice very frequent and of admirable uſe amongſt the* Moderns, *eſpecially*

the

the Nobleſs *of the Faculty. But in good earneſt, as to the* Subjects, *which came in my way to write upon, I muſt declare that I have choſen only ſuch as might be treated within the Rules of* Decency, *and without offence either to* Religion *or* good Manners. *The Caution I receiv'd (by Tradition) from the Incomparable* Mr. Cowley, *and him I muſt ever acknowledge but to imitate, if any of the enſuing Copies may deſerve the name of* Good *or* Indifferent. *I have not vanity enough to preſcribe how a* Muſe *ought to be Courted, and I want leizure to borrow from ſome Treatiſes I have ſeen, which look like ſo many* Academies *of* Compliments *for that purpoſe. I have known a man, who when he was about to write would ſcrew his face into more diſguiſes than* Scaramuchio, *or a* Quaker *at a Meeting when his Turn came to mount; his breaſt heav'd,*

heav'd, his hair ſtood on end, his eyes ſtar'd, and the whole man was diſorder'd; and truly when he had done, any body at firſt reading would conclude that at the time he made them he was poſſeſs't with an evil Spirit. Another that ſeem'd like Noſtradamus *(when the Whim took him in the head to Prophecy), he ſate upon his* Divining Tripos, *his elbow on his knee, his Lamp by his ſide, all the avenues of light ſtopp'd, full of expectation when the* little faint flame *ſhould ſteal in through a creviſs of the Shutters; This Gentleman indeed writ extreme* Melancholy Madrigals. *I have had the happineſs to hear of a Third too, whoſe whole life was* Poëtical, *he was a* Walking Poëm, *and his way was this; finding that the fall of the Leaf was already upon him, and prudently foreſeeing that in the Winter of his old Age he might*

might possibly want Fodder, he carried always about him one of Raimund' Lully's Repositories, *a piece of* Mathematical Paper, *and in what Company soever he came, the* Spoon *was always ready for the* Civet-Cat, *nothing scap't him that* fell from a Wit: *At night his custom was to digest all that he had pirated that Day, under proper Heads; This was his* Arsenal, *his inexhaustible* Magazine, *so that upon occasion he had no more to do, than to give a snap, or two to his Nails; a rub or two upon the sutures of his Head, to turn over his* Hint-Book, *and the Matter was at hand, his business (after that piece of* Legerdemain) *was only* Tacking, *and* Tagging: *I never saw but One of this Author's Compositions, and really It troubled me, because It put me in mind, how much time I had misspent in Coffee-Houses, for there was*

was nothing in it, but what I could find a Father for There; Nay (with a little recollection,) a man might name most of the Birds from whence he had pluckt his Feathers. Some there are that Beseech, Others that Hector their Muses: Some that Diet their Pegasus, give him his Heats and Airings for the Course; Others that endeavour to stop up his broken wind with Medicinal Ale and Bisquet: But these for the most part are men of Industry; Rhiming is their proper Business, they are fain to labour hard, and use much Artifice for a poor Livelyhood, I wish 'em good Trading. I profess I never had design to be incorporated into the Society; my utmost End was meerly for Diversion of my self, and a few Friends whom I very well love: and if the question should be ask'd why these Productions are expos'd, I may truly say, I could not help it;

it; One unlucky Copy, like a Bellweather, ſtole from me into the Common, and the reſt of the Flock took their opportunity to leave the Encloſure. If I might be proud of any thing, it ſhould be the firſt Copy of the Book, but therein I had the greateſt advantage given me that any Noble Subject could afford. And ſo much for Preface *and* Poëtry, *till ſome very powerful Star ſhall over-rule my preſent Reſolution.*

ON

ON THE EXCELLENT POEMS OF MY *Moſt Worthy Friend,* Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN.

YOu happy *Iſſue* of a happy Wit,
As ever yet in charming numbers writ,
Welcome into the *Light*, and may we be
Worthy ſo happy a Poſterity.
We long have wiſh't for ſomething *excellent*;
But ne're till now knew rightly what it meant:
For though we have been gratifi'd 'tis true,
From ſeveral hands with things both *fine* and *new*,
The *Wits* muſt pardon me, if I profeſs,
That 'till this time the over-teeming preſs
Ne're ſet out *Poeſy* in ſo *true* a *dreſs*:
Nor is it *all*, to have a ſhare of *Wit*,
There muſt be *judgment too* to manage it;

For *Fancy's* like a rough, but ready *Horſe*, (*force*;
Whoſe mouth is govern'd more by *skill* than
Wherein (*my Friend*) you do a *Maiſtry* own,
If not particular to you alone;
Yet ſuch at leaſt as to all eyes declares
Your *Pegaſus* the beſt performs his *Ayres*.
Your *Muſe* can humour all her Subjects ſo,
That as we *read* we do both *feel* and *know*;
And the moſt firm impenetrable breaſt
With the ſame *paſſion* that *you writ's* poſſeſt.
Your *Lines* are *Rules*, which who ſhall well ob-
Shall even in their *errors* praiſe deſerve: (ſerve
The boyling youth, whoſe Blood is all on fire,
Puſh't on by Vanity, and hot deſire,
May learn ſuch conduct here, men may approve
And not *excuſe*, but even *applaud* his *love*.
Ovid, who made an *ART* of what to all
Is in it ſelf but *too too natural*,
Had he but read *your Verſe*, might there have ſeen
The *ſtile* of which his *Precepts* ſhould have been;
And (which it ſeems he knew not) learnt from
To reconcile *frailty* with *Innocence*. (thence

The

The *Love you* write, *Virgins* and *Boyes* may read,
And never be *debaucht* but *better bred*;
For without *love*, *Beauty* would bear no price,
And *dulneſs*, than *deſire's* a greater vice:
Your greater ſubjects with ſuch *force* are writ
So full of Sinewy ſtrength, as well as wit,
That when *you* are *Religious*, our *Divines*
May *emulate*, but not *reprove your Lines*.
And when *you* reaſon, *there* the learned Crew
May learn to *ſpeculate*, and ſpeak from *you*.
You no *Prophane*, no *obſcene* language uſe
To *ſmut your Paper* or *defile your Muſe*,
Your gayeſt things, as well *expreſt*, as meant
Are equally both *Queint*, and *Innocent*.
But *your Pindarique Odes* indeed are ſuch
That *Pindar's Lyre* from his own skilful touch,
Ne're yielded ſuch an *Harmony*, nor yet
Verſe keep ſuch time on ſo *unequal feet*.
So by his own generous confeſſion
Great *Taſſo* by *Guarini* was out done:
And (which in *Copying* ſeldom does befal)
The *Eſtype's* better than th' *Original*.

But whilſt *your* Fame I labour to ſend forth,
By the ill-doing it I cloud your worth,
In *ſomething* all mankind *unhappy* are,
And you as *mortal* too muſt have your ſhare;
'Tis your misfortune to have found a *Friend*,
Who *hurts* & *injures* where he would *commend*.
But let *this* be your comfort, that *your Bayes*
Shall *flouriſh green*, mauger an *ill couch't Praiſe*.

CHARLES COTTON.

TO

TO MY
FRIEND
Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN*
upon the Publication of his
POEMS.

I.

AS when a *Prince* his Standard do's erect
And calls his Subjects to the Field,
From ſuch as early take his ſide,
And readily obedience yield,
He is inſtructed where he may ſuſpect,
And where he ſafely may confide;
So mighty *Friend!*
That you may ſee
A perfect evidence of Loyalty,
No buſineſs I pretend;
From all th' Incumbrances of humane life,

From nouriſhing the ſinful peoples ſtrife,
And the increaſing weakneſſes of Age.

II.

Domeſtique Care, the Minds Incurable Diſeaſe
I am reſolv'd I will forget,
Ah! could I hope the reſtleſs pain,
Would now intirely ceaſe,
And never more return again,
My thoughts I would in other order ſet
By more than proteſtations I would ſhow,
Not the Sum total only of the Debt,
But the particulars of all I owe.

III.

This I would do: But what will our deſire avail
When active heat and vigour fail?
'Tis well thou ha'ſt more youthful combatants (than I,
Right able to protect thy Immortality:
If Envy ſhould attaque thy ſpotleſs name,
(And that attaque's the beſt of things
And into Rigid Cenſure brings
The moſt undoubted Regiſters of Fame)

Their

Their Artillery let them diſpence;
Piercing Wit and Murd'ring Eloquence,
Noble conceit and manly Sence,
Charming *Numbers* let 'em ſhine
And dazle dead in ev'ry line
The Moſt malicious of thy Foes,
Though Hell it ſelf ſhould offer to oppoſe;
I (thy decrepit Subject) only can reſign
The little life of Art is left, to ranſome thine:
Fumbling's as bad in Poetry,
And as Ridiculous, as 'tis in Gallantry:
But if a Dart I may prevent,
Which at my *Friend*'s repute was mean't
Let them then direct at Me,
By dying in ſo juſt a War,
I poſſibly may ſhare
In thy Infallible Eternity.

IV.

But deareſt *Friend*
(Before it be too late)
Let us a while expoſtulate,
What heat of Glory call'd you on,

Your learned Empire to extend
Beyond the Limits of your own Dominion?
At home, you were already crown'd with Bayes;
Why Foreign Trophies do you ſeek to raiſe?
Poets Arcana's have of Government,
And tho' the *Homagers* of your own *Continent*
Out of a Senſe of duty do ſubmit,
Yet *Publick Print*, a jealouſie creates
And intimates a lay'd deſign
Unto the Neighb'ring *Potentates*.
Now into all your ſecret Arts they pry,
And weigh each hint by rules of policy,
Offenſive Leagues they twine,
In Councels, Rota's, and Cabals they ſit,
Each Petty *Burgeſs* thinks it fit
The *Corporation* ſhould combine,
Againſt the Univerſal *Monarchy* of Wit,
And ſtreight declare for quite abjuring it.

V.

Hence then muſt you, prepare for an Invaſion:
Tho not from ſuch as are reclaim'd by Education;

In

In the main points all *European* Wits agree,
All allow Order, Art, and Rules of Decency,
And to be abſolutely perfect, ne're was yet
A beauty ſuch, or ſuch a Wit.
I fear the Pagan and the Barbarous,
A Nation quite the *Antipodes* to us;
The Infidel unletter'd Crew (I mean)
Who call that only Wit,
Which is indeed but the Reverſe of it;
Creatures in whom civility ne're ſhone,
But (unto Nature's contradiction)
It is their Glory to be ſo obſcene,
You 'ld think the Legion of the unclean
Were from the Swine, (to which they were condemn'd) releas'd.
And had theſe veryer Swine (than them) poſſeſt.

VI.

If theſe ſhould an advantage take
And on thy Fame a Depredation make,
You muſt ſubmit to the unhappineſs;
Theſe are the common Enemies of our Belief and (Art,
And by hoſtility poſſeſt——.

The World's much greater part:
All things with them are measur'd by success:
If the Battle be not won;
If the Author do not Sell;
Into they'r dull capacities it will not sink,
They cannot with deliberation think
How bravely the Commander led them on,
No nor wherein the Book was written well:
When, ('tis a thing impossible to do,)
He cannot find his Army courage, (Sir) nor you
Your Readers, learning, wit, and Judgment too.

R. T.

TO

TO MY

FRIEND

Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN*,

On the Publiſhing of theſe his

POEMS.

LEt not (my *Friend*) th' incredulous *Sceptic* Man
Diſpute what Potent *Art* and *Nature* can!
Let him believe, the *Birds* that did Bemoan
The loſs of *Zeuxis Grapes* in Queru'lous Tone,
Were *Silenc'd* by a *Painted Dragon*, found
A *Teleſme* to reſtrain their chatt'ring ſound,
And that one made a *Miſtreſs* could inforce
A *Neighing ſigh*, Ev'n from a Stallion *Horſe!*
Let old *Timanthes* now *unveil* the *Face*
Of his *Atrides*, thou't give *Sorrow grace!*
Now may *Parrhaſius* let his *Curtain* ſtand!
And great *Protogenes* Take off his Hand!

For

For all that *Lying Greece* and *Latium* too
Have told us of, *Thou* (only *Thou*) mak'ſt *true*.
And all the *Miracles* which they could ſhow,
Remain no longer *Faith*; but Science now.
Thou do'ſt thoſe things that no man elſe durſt do,
Thou *Paint'ſt* the *lightning*, and the *thunder* too!
The *Soul* and *Voice!* (conſent,
Thou'lt make *Turks*, *Jews*, with *Romaniſts*
To break the *Second* great *Commandement*:
And them perſwade an *Adoration* giv'n
In *Picture*, will as Grateful be to Heav'n
As one in *Metre*. Th' Art is in *Exceſs*;
But yet thy ingenuity makes it *leſs*.
With *Pen* and *Pencil* thou doſt all out-ſhine,
In *Speaking Picture*, *Poeſie Divine*.
Poets, *Creators* are! You made us *Know*
Thoſe are *Above*, and *Dread* thoſe are *Below*;
But 'tis no Wonder you ſuch things can *Dare*
That *Painter*, *Poet*, and A *Prophet* are.
The *Stars* themſelves, think it no ſcorn to be
Plac'd, and Directed in their Way by Thee.
Thou Knoweſt their Virtue, and their Situation,
The Fate of Years, and every great *Mutation*,

With

With the ſame Kindneſs let *them* look on Earth;
As when they gave thee firſt *thy happy Birth*!
The ſober *Saturn Aſpects*, *Cinthia* bright,
Reſigning *Hers*, to give us thy *New Light*,
The Gentle *Venus* Roſe with *Mercury*,
(Preſage of *Softneſs* in thy *Poeſy*)
And *Jove*, and *Mars* in Amicable *Trine*
Do ſtill give *Spirit* to thy *Poliſh'd Line*.
Thou *mayſt* do what thou *wilt* without *controul*:
Only thy ſelf and Heav'n can Paint thy Soul.

FRAN. BARNARD.

TO

TO HIS

ESTEEMED FRIEND

Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN*

upon the Publiſhing of his

POEMS.

YOur *Poems* (*Friend*) come on the publick Stage
In a Debauch'd, and a Cenſorious Age;
Where nothing now is counted *Standard Wit*,
But what's Prophane, Obſcene, or 's bad as it.
For our great *Wits*, like *Gallants* of the times,
(And ſuch they are) Court only thoſe Looſe Rhimes,
Which like their *Miſſes Patch'd* and *Painted* are;
But ſcorn what Vertuous is, and truly Fair;
Such as your *Muſe* is, who with Careful Art
For all but *ſuch*, hath wiſely fram'd a Part.
One while (methinks) Under ſome *Gloomy* (*Shade*,
I ſee the *Melancholly Lover* laid, Pleaſing

Pleaſing himſelf in that his Penſive Fit
With what you have on ſuch Occaſion writ.
Another while (methinks) I ſeem to hear
'Mongſt thoſe, who ſometimes will unbend their (Care,
And ſteal themſelves out from the buſie Throng,
Your pleaſant *Songs* in ſolemn *Conſort Sung*.
Again (methinks) I ſee the grave *Divine*
Lay by his other *Books*, to look on *thine*,
And from thy ſerious and *Divine Review*
See what our Duty is, and his own too.
Yet *worthy Friend*, you cann't but Gueſs what (doom
Is like to paſs on what you 've writ, by ſome;
But there are others, now *your Book* comes forth,
Who (I am ſure) will prize it as 'tis worth,
Who know it fully fraught with *Staple Ware*,
Such as the *Works* of the brave *Cowly* are,
And 'mongſt our rareſt Engliſh *Poems*, Thine
Next unto *His*, immortally ſhall ſhine.

RICH. NEWCOURT.

TO

TO MY

Worthy Friend,

Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN.

Upon the Publiſhing of his

POEMS.

RUde, and unpoliſh'd as my lines can be,
I muſt ſtart forth into the world with Thee.
That which, yet *Private*, did my wonder raiſe,
Now 'tis made *Publiqu'* challenge's my praiſe:
Such miracles my charming Verſe can do,
Where e're it goes, It draw's me with it too.
This is a kind of *Birthday* to thy *Muſe!*
Tranſported with delight I cannot chuſe
But bid Her *Welcome to the Light*, and tell,
How much I value what is writ ſo well;
Tho' Thou reap'ſt no advantage by my Rhime,
More than a Taper helps the Day to ſhine.

Thus

Thus in *dull Pomp* do's th' *Empty Coach* attend
To pay reſpect to ſome *departed* Friend!
The difference of Regard in this do's ly,
That Honours *Duſt*, *Mine that* which cannot *Dy*:
For what can blaſt the labours of thy Pen,
While wit and vertue are allow'd by men?
Thou entertain'ſt the world with ſuch a Feaſt
So cleanly and ſo elegantly dreſt,
So ſtor'd with laudable varieties
As may a modeſt Appetite ſuffice;
Who ever is thy Gueſt is ſure to find
Something or other that may pleaſe his mind.
Sometimes in *pious flames* thy *Muſe* aſpire's
Her boſome warm'd with ſupernatural fires;
In noble flights with *Pindar*, ſoar's above;
Dallie's ſometimes with *not-indecent Love*,
Thence down into the *Grave* do's humbly creep,
And renders *Death* deſirable as *Sleep*.
The *Debuonair*, the *Melancholy Hero*
Find matter for their Mirth, eaſe for their Care.
Eaſie thy Verſe, Clean thy Conceptions are,
Neither too proud, Nor too familiar.

Since

Since ſuch Proviſions made for all that come,
He muſt be *ſqueamiſh* that goe's *Empty* home;
If *Theſe Refections* cannot do him good,
'Tis cauſe his *Stomack's vitious*, not the *Food*.

FRANCIS KNOLLYS.

TO

TO THE AUTHOR ON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.

STrange Magick of thy wit and ſtile
Which to their griefs mankind can Reconcile!
Whilſt thy *Philander's* tuneful voice we hear
Condoling our diſaſtrous ſtate,
Toucht with a ſenſe of our hard fate,
We ſigh perhaps or drop a tear,
But he the mournful Song ſo ſweetly ſings,
That more of Pleaſure than Regret it brings
With ſuch *becoming grief*
The *Trojan* Chief
Troy's Conflagration did relate,

Whil'ſt ev'n the *ſuff'rers* in the Fire drew near
And with a greedy ear
Devour'd the ſtory of their own ſubverted ſtate.

II.

Kind Heav'n (as to her *darling* Son) to Thee
A double Portion did impart,
A Gift of Painting and of Poeſy:
But for thy Rivals in the Painters Art,
If well they *Repreſent*, they can effect
No more, nor can we more expect.
But more than this *Thy* happy Pencils give;
Thy draughts are more than Repreſentative,
For, if we'l credit our own eyes, they *Live*!
Ah! Worthy Friend cou'd Thou maintain the State
Of what with ſo much eaſe thou do'ſt Create,
We might Reflect on Death with Scorn!
But Pictures like th' Originals decay!
Of Colours Thoſe conſiſt, and theſe of Clay;
A like Compos'd of *Duſt*, to *Duſt* alike Return!

Yet

III.

Yet 'tis our Happineſs to ſee
Oblivion, Death, and adverſe Deſtiny
Encountred, Vanquiſh'd, and diſarm'd by thee.
For if thy Pencils fail,
Change thy *Artillery*
And Thou 'rt ſecure of Victory,
Employ thy *Quill* and thou ſhalt ſtill prevail.
The Grand Deſtroyer, greedy Time, reveres
Thy *Fancy*'s *Imag'ry*, and ſpares
The meaneſt things that bear
Th' Impreſſion of thy Pen;
Tho' courſe and cheap their natural *mettal* were,
Stampt with thy *verſe* he knows th' are ſacred, then.
He knows them by that *Character* to be
Predeſtinate and *ſet apart* for *Immortality*.

IV.

If native Luſtre in thy Theams appear,
Improv'd by thee it ſhines more clear:
Or if thy Subject's void of native Light,

Thy Fancy need but dart a beam
To guild thy Theam,
And make the *rude maſs* beautiful and bright.
Thou vary'ſt oft thy Strains, but ſtill
Succeſs attends each ſtrain:
Thy verſe is always as lofty as the Hill,
Or pleaſant as the plain.
How well thy Muſe the *Paſtoral Song* improves!
Whoſe *Nymphs* and *Swains* are in their *Loves*,
As innocent and yet as kind as *Doves*.
But moſt She moves our Wonder and Delight,
When She performs her looſe *Pindariqu' flight*,
Oft to their outmoſt reach She will extend
Her towring Wings to ſoar on high,
And then by juſt degrees deſcend:
Oft in a ſwift ſtrait Courſe She glides,
Obliquely oft the air divides,
And oft with wanton play hangs hov'ring in the Sky.

Whilſt

V.

Whilſt Senſe of duty into my artleſs Muſe
Th' ambition would infuſe
To mingle with thoſe *Nymphs* that Homage pay,
And wait on Thine in her *Triumphant way*,
Defect of merit checks her forward pride,
And makes her dread t' approach thy Chariot ſide,
For 'twere at leaſt a rude Indecency
(If not *Profane*) t' appear
At this *Solemnity*,
Crown'd with no *Lawrel* (as others are)
But this ſhe will preſume to do,
At *diſtance* to attend the *ſhow*,
Officiouſly to gather of
The *Scatter'd Bayes*, if any drop
From others *Temples*, and with thoſe
A plain *Plebeian Coronet* compoſe.
This, as your *Livery*, ſhe'd wear, to hide
Her *Nakedneſs*, not gratifie her *Pride!*

Such was the *Verdant dreſs*
Which the *Offending Pair* did frame
Of *platted Leaves*, not to expreſs
Their *Pride* i'th' *Novel-garb*, but to *conceal* their *ſhame*.

N. TEAT.

B. A.

TO

TO MY

DEAR FRIEND

Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN.

Upon the Publication of his

POEMS.

Pindariq' Ode.

I.

WIthin the haunted thicket, where
The feather'd *Choriſters* are met to play;
And celebrate with voices clear,
And accents ſweet, the praiſe of *May*:
The *Ouzel*, *Thruſh*, and ſpeckled *Lark*,
And *Philomel*, that loves the *dawn* and *dark*:
Theſe (*the inſpired throng*)
In *numbers ſmooth*, and *ſtrong*
Adorn their *noble Theme* with an immortal *Song*,

While Woods, and Vaults, the Brook and neighbouring Hill,
Repeat the varied close, and the melodious *Trill.*

II.

Here feast your *Ears*, but let your *Eye*
Wander, and see one of the lesser frie
Under a leaf, or on a dancing twig,
Ruffle his *painted feathers*, and *look big*,
Pirk up his tayle, and hop between
The boughs; *by moving*, *only to be seen*,
Perhaps his *troubled breast* he *prunes*,
As he doth *meditate* on his *tunes*:
At last (*compos'd*) his little head he rears,
Towards (what he strives to imitate) the *Sphears*;
And chirping then begins his best,
Falls on to *Pipe among the rest*;
Deeming that *all's not worth a rush*,
Without *his Whistle from the bush*.

Th' *harmonious*

III.

Th' *harmonious ſound* did reach my ear,
That *eccho'd Thy* clear *Name*,
Which all muſt know, who e're did hear,
Of *Cowley* or *Orinda*'s fame;
I heard the *Genius*, with ſurprizing Grace,
Would viſit us with his fair off-ſpring, gay
As is the morning ſpring in *May*;
But fairer much and of *immortal race*.

IV.

Delighted greatly, as *I liſtning* ſtood,
The *ſound* came from each corner of the *wood*;
It both the *Shrubs*, and *Cedars* ſhak't,
And *my* drowſy *Muſe* awak't;
Strange that the *ſound* ſhould be ſo ſhrill,
That had its *paſſage* through a *Quill*.
Then I reſolv'd *Thy* praiſes to rehearſe,
The wonders of *Thy Pen*, among the *Croud*
Of thy *learn'd Friends* that *ſing ſo loud*:
But 'twas not to be *ſung*, or reach't in *verſe*.

By

By *my weak notes*, Scarce to be *heard*,
Or if they could, *not worth regard*;

Desisting therefore I must only send
My very kind *well wishes* to my *Friend*.

Octav. Pulleyn.

THE

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POEMS.

POEMS

On the DEATH of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS

EARL of

OSSORY.

Pindariq' Ode.

Stanza. I.

NO more!---Alas that bitter word, *No more!*
The Great, the Juſt, the Generous, the Kind,
The univerſal Darling of Mankind,
The Noble *Oſſory* is now *No more!*

The Mighty Man is fall'n——
From Glory's lofty Pinacle,
Meanly like one of Us He fell,
Not in the hot purſuit of Victory,
As Gallant Men would chuſe to dy;
But tamely, like a poor Plebeian, from his Bed
To the dark Grave a Captive led;
Emaſculating Sighs, and Groans around,
His Friends in Flouds of Sorrow drown'd;
His awful Truncheon, and bright Arms laid by,
He bow'd his glorious Head to Deſtiny.

II.

Celeſtial Powers, how unconcern'd you are?
No black Eclipſe, or Blazing-Star
Preſag'd the Death of this Illuſtrious Man,
No Deluge, no, nor Hurricane;
In her old wonted courſe Nature went on,
As if ſome common thing were done,
One ſingle Victim to Deaths Altar's come,
And not in *OSSORY* an whole Hecatombe.
Yet, when the Founder of Old *Rome* expir'd,

When

When the *Pellëan* Youth reſign'd his Breath,
And when the great *Dictator* ſtoop'd to Death;
Nature and all her Faculties retir'd;
Amaz'd ſhe ſtarted when amaz'd ſhe ſaw
The breaches of her ancient Fundamental Law,
Which kept the World in aw;
For men leſs brave than *Him*, her very Heart did (ake,
The labouring Earth did quake,
And Trees their fixt Foundations did forſake;
Nature in ſome prodigious way
Gave notice of their fatal Day.
Thoſe leſſer Griefs with pain ſhe thus expreſt,
This did confound, and overwhelm her Breſt.

III.

Shrink ye *Crown'd Heads*, that think your ſelves (ſecure,
And from your mouldring Thrones look (down,
Your greatneſs cannot long endure,
The *King of Terrors* claims you for his own;
You are but Tributaries to his dreadful Crown,

Renown'd, Serene, Imperial, moſt Auguſt,
Are only high and mighty Epithets for Duſt.
In vain, in vain ſo high
Our tow'ring expectations flie,
While th' Bloſſoms of our hopes, ſo freſh, ſo gay,
Appear, and promiſe Fruit, then fade away.
From valiant *OSSORI*'s ever Loyal Hands
What did we not believe?
We dream't of yet unconquer'd Lands
He to his *Prince* could give,
And Neighbouring Crowns retrieve;
Expected that he would in Triumph come
Laden with Spoils, and *Affrick* Banners home,
As if an *Hero*'s years
Were as unbounded as our fond Deſires.

IV.

Lament, Lament, you that dare *Honour* love,
And court her at a Noble rate
(Your Proweſs to approve,)
That dare religiouſly upon *Her* wait,

And

And bluſh not to grow Good, when you grow (Great,
Such Mourners ſuit *His* Vertue, ſuch *His* State.
And you, brave Souls, who for your Countrie's (good
Did wond'rous things in Fields, and Seas of (Blood,
Lament th' undaunted Chief that led you on;
Whoſe exemplary Courage could inſpire
The moſt degenerate Heart, with Martial-Engliſh (Fire.
Your bleeding wounds who ſhall hereafter dreſs
With an indulgent tenderneſs;
Touch't with a melting Sympathy,
Who ſhall your Wants ſupply?
Since He, your good *Samaritan* is gone.
O Charity! thou richeſt Boon of Heaven,
To Man, in pity given!
(For when well meaning Mortals give,
The Poor's, and their own Bowels they relieve;)
Thou mak'ſt us with alacrity to Dy,
Miſs't and bewail'd like Thee large-hearted *OS-* (*SORT.*

V.

Ariſe ye bleſt Inhabitants Above,
From your Immortal Seats Ariſe,
And on our Wonder, on our Love
Gaze with aſtoniſh't Eyes.
Ariſe! Ariſe! make roome,
Th' exalted *Shade* is come.
See where He comes! what Princely Port He bears!
How God-like He appears!
His ſhining Temples round
With Wreaths of everlaſting Lawrels bound!
As from the bloody Field of *Mons* He came,
Where He out-fought th' Hyperbolies of Fame.
See how the Guardian Angel of our Iſle
Receiv's the Deifi'd Champion with a Smile!
Welcome the Guardian-Angel ſay's
Full of Songs of Joy and Praiſe,
Welcome Thou art to me,
And to theſe Regions of Serenitie!
Welcome the Winged Quire reſounds,
While with loud *Euge*'s all the Sacred place abounds.

To

To the Memory of the Incomparable

ORINDA.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

ALong Adieu to all that's bright,
Noble or brave in Woman-kind;
To all the Wonders of their Wit,
And Trophies of their Mind:
The glowing heat of th' holy fire is gone:
To th' Altar, whence 'twas kindled, flowne;
There's nought on earth, but Aſhes left behind;
E'r ſince the amazing ſound was ſpread
Orinda's dead.
Every ſoft and fragrant word,
All that language could afford;
Every high and lofty thing
That's wont to ſet the Soul on wing,
No longer with this worthleſs world would ſtay.
Thus, when the death of the great *Pan* was told,
Along the ſhore the diſmal tidings roll'd;

The leſſer Gods their Fanes forſook,
Confounded with the mighty ſtroke,
They could not overlive that fatal day,
But ſigh'd and groan'd their gaſping *Oracles* away.

II.

How rigid are the Laws of Fate!
And how ſevere that black Decree!
No ſublunary thing is free,
But all muſt enter th' *Adamantine* Gate:
Sooner, or later muſt we come
To Natures dark retiring Room:
And yet 'tis pity, Is it not?
The Learned, as the Fool ſhould die,
One, full as low, as t' other Lie;
Together blended in the general lot!
Diſtinguiſh't only from the common Croud
By an *hing'd Caffin* or a *Holland Shroud*,
Tho Fame and Honour ſpeak them ne'r ſo loud.
Alas *Orinda!* even Thou;
Whoſe happy Verſe made others live,
And certain Immortality could give,
Blaſted are all thy blooming Glories now,

The

The Lawrel withers o're thy brow:
Methinks it ſhould diſturb Thee to conceive
That when poor I, this artleſs breath reſign,
My duſt ſhould have as much of Poetry as thine!

III.

Too ſoon we languiſh with deſire,
Of what we never could enough admire.
On th'billows of this World ſometimes we riſe,
So dangerouſly high,
We are to Heaven too nigh:
When all in rage,
(Grown hoary with one minute's age,)
The very ſelf-ſame fickle wave,
Which the entrancing Proſpect gave,
Swoln to a Mountain, ſinks into a Grave.
Too happy Mortals if the Powers above,
As merciful would be,
And eaſie to preſerve the thing we love,
As in the giving they are free!
But they too oft delude our wearied eyes,
They fix a *flaming ſword* 'twixt us and *Paradiſe*!
A weeping evening blur's a ſmiling day,

Yet

Yet why ſhould heads of Gold have feet of Clay?
Why ſhould the man that wav'd th' *Almighty* (*wand*,
That led the murmuring Croud
By *Pillar* and by *Cloud*,
Shivering a top of Aëry *Piſgah* ſtand
Only to ſee, but never, never tread the *Promis'd* (*Land*.

IV.

Throw your Swords and Gauntlets by
You daring Sons of War!
You cannot purchaſe e'r you die
One honourable Scar,
Since that fair hand that guilded all your Bayes;
That in Heroick numbers wrote your praiſe,
That you might ſafely ſleep in Honours Bed,
It ſelf, alas! is wither'd, cold, and dead,
Cold and dead are all thoſe charms
That burniſht your victorious arms;
Thoſe uſeleſs things hereafter muſt
Bluſh firſt in Blood, and then in Ruſt:
No oil, but that of her ſmooth words can ſerve,
Weapon and Warriour to preſerve.

Expect

Expect no more from this dull Age
But folly, or Poëtick rage,
Short-liv'd nothings of the ſtage,
Vented to day, and cry'd to morrow down;
With her the Soul of Poeſie is gone,
Gone, while our expectations flew
As high a pitch, as ſhe has done,
Exhal'd to Heaven like early dew,
Betimes the little ſhining drops are flown,
E're th' drowſie world perceiv'd that *Manna* was come down.

V.

You of the *Sex* that would be fair,
Exceeding lovely, hither come,
Would you be pure as Angels are,
Come dreſs you by *Orinda*'s Tomb,
And leave your flattering Glaſs at home,
Within that Marble Mirror ſee,
How one day ſuch as ſhe
You muſt, and yet alas! can never be!
Think on the heights of that vaſt Soul,
And then admire, and then condole,

Think

Think on the wonders of her generous Pen,
'Twas ſhe made *Pompey* truly *Great*;
Neither the purchaſe of his ſweat
Nor yet *Cornelia*'s kindneſs made him live again:
With envy think, when to the grave you go,
How very little muſt be ſaid of you,
Since all that can be ſaid of vertuous Woman was (her due.

The Review.

Pindarique Ode to Dr. *W. S.*

Stanza I.

WHen firſt I ſtept into th' alluring Maze
To tread this world's myſterious ways,
Alas! I had nor guide, nor clue,
No *Ariadne* lent her hand,
Not one of *Vertue*'s Guards did bid me ſtand,
Or ask't me what I meant to do,
Or whither I would go:
This Labyrinth ſo pleaſant did appear,

I loſt my ſelf with much content,
Infinite hazards underwent,
Out-ſtraggled *Homer*'s crafty *Wanderer*,
And ten years more than he, in fruitleſs Travels ſpent;
The one half of my life is gone,
The ſhadow the *Meridian* paſt;
Death's diſmal Evening drawing on,
Which much with damps and miſts be overcaſt,
An Evening, that will ſurely come,
'Tis time, high time to give my ſelf the welcome home.

II.

Had I but heartily believ'd,
That all the *Royal Preacher* ſaid, was true,
When firſt I entred on the Stage,
And vanity ſo hotly did purſue;
Convinc'd by his experience, not my age!
I had my ſelf long ſince retriev'd,
I ſhould have let the Curtain down,
Before the Fools part had begun:
But I throughout the tedious play have been
Concern'd in every buſie Scene;

Too

Too too inquiſitive I try'd
Now this, anon another Face,
And then a third, more odd, took place,
Was every thing, but what I was,
Such was my *Protean* folly, ſuch my pride
Befool'd through all the Tragy-Comedy,
Where others met with hiſſing to expect a *Plau-*
(dite!

III.

I had a mind the *Paſtoral* to prove,
Searching for happineſs in Love,
And finding *Venus* painted with a Dove,
A little naked Boy hard by;
The Dove, which has no gall,
The Boy no dangerous Arms at all;
They do thee wrong (great Love) ſaid I,
Much wrong, great Love!——ſcarce had I (ſpoke
'Ere into my unwary boſome came
An inextinguiſhable flame:
From fair *Amira's* eyes the lightening broke,
That left me more than Thunder-ſtroke;
She carries tempeſt in that lovely name:

Love's

Love's mighty and tumultuous pain
Diſorders Nature like an Hurricane.
Yet could n't I believe ſuch ſtorms could be,
When I launch't forth to Sea;
Promis'd my ſelf a calm, and eaſie way,
Though I had ſeen before,
Piteous ruins on the ſhore,
And on the naked Beach *Leander* breathleſs lay.

IV.

To extricate my ſelf from Love
Which I could ill obey, but worſe command,
I took my Pencils in my hand,
With that Artillery for Conqueſt ſtrove,
Like wiſe *Pigmalion* then did I
My ſelf deſign my Deity;
Made my own Saint, made my own Shrine:
If ſhe did frown, one daſh could make her ſmile,
All bickerings one eaſie ſtroak could reconcile,
Plato feign'd no *Idea* ſo divine:
Thus did I quiet many a froward day,
While in my eyes my Soul did play,
Thus did the time, and thus thy ſelf beguile;

Till

Till on a day, but then I knew not why,
A tear fall'n from my eye,
Wash't out my Saint, my Shrine, my Deity:
Prophetique chance; the lines are gone,
And I must mourn o're what I doted on:
I find even *Giotto's Circle* has not all perfection.

V.

To Poetry I then inclin'd;
Verse that emancipates the mind,
Verse that unbends the Soul;
That Amulet of sickly fame,
Verse that from *wind* articulate's *Name*;
Verse for both Fortunes fit, to smile and to condole.
'Ere I had long the Tryal made,
A serious thought made me afraid:
For I had heard *Parnassus* sacred Hill,
Was so prodigiously high,
It's barren Top so near the skie;
The *Æther* there
So very pure, so subtle, and so rare,
'Twould a *Camæleon* kill
The Beast that is all Lungs, and feeds on Air:

Poets

Poëts the higher up that Hill they go,
Like Pilgrims, ſhare the leſs of what's below:
Hence 'tis they go repining on,
And murmure more than their own *Helicon*.
I heard them curſe their ſtars in ponderous Rhimes
And in grave numbers grumble at the times;
Yet where th' Illuſtrious *Cowley* led the way,
I thought it great diſcretion there to go aſtray.

VI.

From liberal Arts to the litigious Law,
Obedience, not Ambition, did me draw;
I look't at awful Quoiſe, and ſcarlet Gown
Through others Opticks, not my own:
Unty the *Gordian Knot* that will,
I ſee no Rhetorick at all
In them that learnedly can brawl,
And fill with mercenary breath the ſpacious Hall;
Let me be peaceable, let me be ſtill.
The ſolitary *Tisbite* heard the wind,
With ſtrength and violence combin'd,
That rent the Mountains and did make
The ſolid Earth's foundations ſhake,

He ſaw the dreadful fire, and heard the horrid (noiſe,
But found what he expected in the *ſmall ſtill* (*voice.*

VII.

Nor here did my unbridled fancy reſt,
But I muſt try
A pitch more high,
To read the ſtarry language of the Eaſt;
And with *Caldean* Curioſity
Preſum'd to ſolve the Riddles of the Skie;
Impatient till I knew my doom,
Dejected till the good *direction* come,
I rip't up Fate's forbidden Womb,
Nor would I ſtay till it brought forth
An eaſie and a natural birth,
But was ſolicitous to know.
The yet miſhapen *Embrio*,
(Prepoſterous crime)
Without the formal Midwifry of time:
Fond man! as if too little grief were given
On earth, draws down inquietudes from Heaven!
Permits himſelf with fear to be unmann'd,

Belſhazzar

Belſhazzar-like grows wan and pale,
His very heart begins to fail,
Is frighted at that writing of the hand,
Which yet nor he, nor all his learn'd *Magicians*
(underſtand.

VIII.

And now at laſt what's the reſult of all?
Should the ſtrict *Audit* come,
And for th' Accompt too early call;
A num'rous heap of Ciphers, would be found the
(total Sum.
When incompaſſionate Age ſhall plow
The delicate *Amira*'s brow,
And draw his furrows deep and long,
What hardy youth is he
Will after that a Reaper be,
Or ſing the Harveſt Song?
And what is Verſe, but an effeminate vent
Either of Luſt or Diſcontent?
Colours will *ſtarve*, and all their Glories die,
Invented only to deceive the eye;
And he that wily Law does love,
Much more of *Serpent* has than *Dove*,

There's nothing in *Aſtrology*,
But *Delphick* ambiguity;
We are miſguided in the Dark, and thus
Each Star becomes an *Ignis fatuus*:
Yet pardon me you glorious lamps of light,
'Twas one of you that led the way,
Diſpell'd the gloomy night,
Became a *Phoſpher* to th' Eternal Day,
And ſhew'd the *Magi* where th' *Almighty Infant* (lay,

IX.

At length the doubtful Victory's won,
It was a cunning Ambuſcade
The world for my felicities had laid;
Yet now at length the day's our own,
Now Conqueror-like let us new Laws ſet down,
Henceforth let all our Love *Seraphick* turn,
The ſprightly and the vigorous flame
On th' Altar let it ever burn,
And ſacrifice its ancient name:
A Tablet on my heart, next I'le prepare
Where I would draw the Holy Sepulchre,

Behind

Behind it a ſoft Landskip I would lay
Of melancholly *Golgotha*!
On th' Altar let me all my ſpoils lay down,
And if I had One, there I'de hang my Laurel (Crown.
Give me the *Pandects* of the Law Divine,
Such was the Law made *Moſes* face to ſhine.
Thus beyond *Saturns* heavy *Orb* I'le towre,
And laugh at his malicious power,
Raptur'd in Contemplation thus I'le go
Above unactive Earth, and leave the Stars below.

X.

Toſt on the wings of every wind,
After theſe hoverings to and fro;
(And ſtill the waters higher grow)
Not knowing where a reſting-place to find,
Whether for Sanctuary ſhould I go
But (Reverend Friend) to you?
You that have triumpht o're th' impetuous flood,
That *Noah*-like, in bad times durſt be good,
And the ſtiff Torrent manfully withſtood,
Can ſave me too;

One that have long in fear of drowning bin,
Surrounded by the rolling waves of ſin,
Do you but reach out a propitious hand
And charitably take me in,
I will not yet deſpair to ſee dry land.
'Tis done;——and no longer fluctuate,
I've made the Church my *Ark*, and *Sions* Hill my *Ararat*.

To my Worthy Friend
Mr. SAM. WOODFORD,
on his Excellent Verſion of the
PSALMS.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

SEe (worthy friend) what I would do;
(Whom neither Muſe nor Art inſpire)
That have no Friend in all the ſacred Quire,
To ſhew my kindneſs for your Book, and you,
Forc'd

Forc'd to diſparage, what I would admire;
Bold man, that dares attempt *Pindariqu'* now,
Since the great *Pindar's* greateſt Son
From the ingrateful Age is gone,
Cowley has bid th' ingrateful Age adieu;
Apollo's rare *Columbus*, he
Found out new words of Poeſie:
He, like an Eagle, ſoar'd aloft;
To ſeize his noble prey;
Yet as a Dove's, his Soul was ſoft,
Quiet as Night, but bright as Day:
To Heaven in a fiery Chariot He
Aſcended by *Seraphiqu'* Poëtry;
Yet which of us dull Mortals ſince can find
Any inſpiring Mantle, that He left behind?

II.

His powerful numbers might have done you right;
He could have ſpar'd you immortality,
Under that Chieftain's Banners you might fight
Aſſur'd of Lawrels, and of Victory
Over devouring time, and ſword, and fire,
And *Jove's* important ire:

My humble Verſe would better ſing
David the *Shepherd*, than the *King*:
And yet methinks 'tis ſtately to be one
(Tho' of the meaner ſort,)
Of them that may approach a Princes Throne,
If 'twere but to be ſeen at Court.
Such (Sir) is my ambition for a name,
Which I ſhall rather take from you, than give,
For in your Book I cannot miſs of Fame,
But by contact ſhall live.
Thus on your Chariot Wheel ſhall I
Ride ſafe, and look as big as *Æſop*'s Fly,
Who from th' *Olympian* Race new come,
And now triumphantly flown home,
To's neighbours of the ſwarm, thus, proudly ſaid,
Don't you remember what a duſt I made!

III.

Where e're the Son of *Jeſſe*'s Harp ſhall ſound,
Or *Iſrael*'s ſweeteſt Songs be ſung,
(Like *Sampſon*'s Lion ſweet and ſtrong)
You and your happy Muſe ſhall be renown'd,
To whoſe kind hand the Son of *Jeſſe* owes

His

His last deliverance from all his Foes.
Blood-thirsty *Saul* less barbarous than they,
His person only sought to kill;
These did his deathless Poëms slay,
And sought immortal blood to spill,
To sing whose Songs in *Babylon* would be
A new Captivity:
Deposed by these Rebels, you alone
Restor'd the Glorious *David* to his Throne.
Long in disguise the Royal Prophet lay,
Long from his own thoughts banished,
Ne're since his death 'till this illustrious day
Was Scepter in his hand, or Crown plac'd on his
(Head:
He seem'd as if at *Gath* he still had bin,
As once before proud *Achish* he appear'd,
His Face besmear'd,
With spittle on his sacred Beard,
A laughing-stock to the insulting *Philistine*.
Dress't in their Rhimes, he lookt as he were mad,
In *Tyssue* you, and *Tyrian Purple* have him clad.

On

On the Death of the truly valiant

GEORGE

Duke of

ALBEMARLE.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

NOw bluſh thy ſelf into confuſion
Ridiculous Mortality;
With indignation to be trampled on
By them that Court Eternity;
Whoſe Generous Deeds, and Proſperous State
Seem poorly ſet within the reach of Fate,
Whoſe every Trophy, and each Lawrel wreath
Depends upon a little breath;
Confin'd within the narrow bounds of time,
And of incertain age,
With doubtful hazards they engage, (climb;
Thrown down, while victory bids them higher
Their

Their Glories are eclips'd by Death.
Hard circumſtances of Illuſtrious Men
Whom nature (like the *Scythian* Prince) detain's
Within the Bodies chains
(Nature that rigorous *Tamberlain*)
Stout *Bajazet* diſdain'd the barbarous rage
Of that inſulting Conquerour,
Bravely himſelf uſurp't his own expiring power,
By daſhing out his Brains againſt his Iron Cage.

II.

But 'tis incident to complain,
And wretched Mortals curſe their ſtars in vain,
In vain they waſte their tears for them that die,
Themſelves involv'd in the ſame deſtiny,
No more with ſorrow let it then be ſaid
The Glorious *Albemarle* is dead;
Let what is ſaid of Him triumphant be,
Words as gay, as His Fame,
And as manly as his Name,
Words as ample as his Praiſe,
And as verdant as his Bayes,
An *Epinicion*, not an Elegy.

Yet

Yet why ſhould'ſt thou, ambitious Muſe, believe
Thy gloomy Verſe, can any ſplendors give,
Or make him one ſmall Moment longer live?
Nothing but what is vulgar thou canſt ſay;
Or misbecoming numbers ſing
What tribute to his memory canſt thou pay,
Whoſe Vertue ſav'd a Crown, and could oblige a
(King

III.

Many a year diſtreſſed *Albion* lay
By her unnatural Off-ſpring torn,
Once the Worlds terrour, then its ſcorn,
At home a Priſon, and abroad a Prey:
Her valiant Youth, her valiant Youth did kill,
And mutual blood did ſpill,
Uſurpers then, and many a Muſhroom Peer
Within her Palaces did domineer;
There did the Vulture build his Neſt,
There the Owls, and Satyrs reſt,
By *Zim* and *Ohim* all poſſeſt,
'Till *England*'s Angel Guardian, Thou,
With pity, and with anger mov'd
For *Albion* thy belov'd,
(Olive

(Olive Chapplets on thy brow)
With bloudleſs hands upheld'ſt her drooping head,
And with thy Trumpets call'dſt her from the dead.
Bright *Phoſper* to the riſing Sun!
That Royal Lamp, by Thee did firſt appear
Uſher'd into our happy Hemiſphære;
O may it ſtill ſhine bright and clear!
No Cloud, nor Night approach it, but a conſtant
(Noon!

IV.

Nor thus did thy undaunted Valour ceaſe;
Or wither with unactive peace:
Scarce were our Civil broyls allay'd,
While yet the wound of an inteſtine War,
Had left a tender ſcar,
When of our new Proſperities afraid,
Our Jealous Neighbours fatal Arms prepare;
In floating Groves the Enemy drew near,
Loud did the *Belgian Lyon* roar,
Upon our Coaſts th' *Armada* did appear,
And boldly durſt attempt our native ſhore,
Till his victorious Squadrons cheekt their pride,
And did in Triumph o're the Ocean ride.

With

With thunder, lightning, and with clouds of ſmoke
He did their Inſolence reſtrain,
And gave his dreadful Law to all the main,
Whoſe ſurly billows trembled when he ſpoke,
And put their willing necks under his Yoke;
This the ſtupendious Vanquiſher has done,
Whoſe high Prerogative it was alone
To raiſe a ruin'd, and ſecure an envy'd Throne.

V.

Then angry Heav'n began to frown,
From Heaven a dreadful Peſtilence came down,
On every ſide did lamentations riſe,
Baleful ſigh, and heavy groan,
All was plain't, and all was moan!
The pious Friend with trembling love,
Scarce had his lateſt kindneſs done,
In ſealing up his dead Friends eyes,
'Ere with his own ſurprizing fate he ſtrove,
And wanted one to cloſe his own,
Death's Iron Scepter bore the ſway
O're our Imperial *Golgotha*,
Yet he with kind, though unconcerned eyes,
Durſt

Durſt ſtay and ſee thoſe numerous Tragedies.
He in the field had ſeen Death's greiſly ſhape,
Heard him in Volleys talk aloud
Beheld his Grandeur in a glittering Croud,
And unamaz'd ſeen him in Cannons gape:
Ever unterrified His Valour ſtood
Like ſome tall Rock amid'ſt a Sea of Blood:
'Twas loyalty from Sword and Peſt kept him alive,
The ſafeſt Armour, and the beſt Preſervative.

VI.

The flaming City next implor'd his Aid,
And ſeaſonably pray'd (obey'd,
His force againſt the Fire, whoſe Arms the Seas
Wide did th' impetuous torrent ſpread,
Then thoſe goodly Fabricks fell,
Temples themſelves promiſcuouſly there
Drop't down, and in the common ruin buried
The City turned into one *Mongibel*: (were,
The haughty Tyrant ſhook his curled head,
His breath with vengeance black, his face with (fury red.
Then every cheek grew wan and pale,
Every heart did yield and fail,

Nought

Nought but Thy Presence could its Power sup-
Whose stronger light put out the less, (press
As *London*'s noble Structures rise,
Together shall His Memory grow,
To whom that beauteous Town so much does owe
London! joynt Favourite with Him Thou wer't,
As both possest a Room within one heart,
So now with thine indulgent Soveraign joyn,
Respect his great Friends ashes, for He wep't o'r'd
(Thine.

VII.

Thus did the *Duke* perform his mighty Stage,
Thus did that *Atlas* of our State,
With his Prodigious Acts amaze the Age,
While Worlds of wonders on his shoulders sate,
Full of Glories, and of Years,
He trod his shining, and immortal way,
Whilst *Albion* compass'd with new floods of tears
Besought his longer stay.
Prophane that Pen, that dares describe thy bliss,
Or write thine *Apotheosis*!
Whom Heaven and thy Prince to pleasure strove,
Entrusted with their Armies and their Love.

In

In other Courts 'tis dangerous to deſerve;
Thou did'ſt a kind, and grateful Maſter ſerve,
Who, to expreſs his Gratitude to Thee,
Scorn'd thoſe ill-natur'd arts of Policy.
Happy had *Belliſarius* bin
(Whoſe forward fortune was his ſin)
By many Victories undone;
He had not liv'd neglected, dy'd obſcure,
If for thy Prince thoſe Battels he had won,
Thy Prince, magnificent above his Emperour.

VIII.

Among the Gods, thoſe Gods that dy'd like thee,
As great as theirs, and full of Majeſty
Thy ſacred Duſt ſhall ſleep ſecure,
Thy Monument as long as theirs endure:
There, free from envy, Thou with them,
Shal't have thy ſhare of Diadem;
Among their Badges ſhall be ſet
Thy Garter and thy Coronet;
Or (which is ſtatelyer) thou ſhalt have
A *Mauſolæum* in thy Prince's breaſt,
There thine embalmed name ſhall reſt,

That Sanctuary ſhall thee ſave,
From the diſhonours of a Regal Grave:
And every wondrous Hiſtory,
Read by incredulous Poſterity,
That writes of *him*, ſhall honourably mention *thee*,
Who by an humble Loyalty has't ſhown,
How much ſublimer gallantry, and renown
'Tis to *reſtore*, than to *uſurp* a *Monarchs Crown*.

The Retirement.

Pindarique Ode made in the time of the Great Sickneſs 1665.

Stanza I.

IN the milde cloſe of an hot Summers day,
When a cool Breeze had fann'd the Air,
And Heaven's face look't ſmooth and fair;
Lovely as ſleeping Infants be,
That in their ſlumbers ſmilingly,
Dandled on the Mothers knee,
You hear no cry,

No

No harſh, nor inharmonious voice,
But all is innocence without a noiſe:
When every ſweet, which the Sun's greedy ray
So lately from us drew,
Began to trickle down again in dew;
Weary, and faint, and full of thought,
Tho' for what cauſe I knew not well,
What I ail'd, I could not tell,
I ſate me down at an ag'd Poplars root,
Whoſe chiding leaves excepted and my breaſt,
All the impertinently-buſi'd-word inclin'd to reſt.

II.

I liſt'ned heedfully around,
But not a whiſper there was found:
The murmuring Brook hard by,
As heavy, and as dull as I,
Seem'd drowſily along to creep;
It ran with undiſcovered pace,
And if a Pebble ſtopt the lazy race,
'Twas but as if it ſtarted in its ſleep,
Eccho her ſelf, that ever lent an ear
To any piteous tone;

Wont to grone, with them that grone,
Eccho her ſelf was ſpeechleſs here.
Thrice did I ſigh, Thrice miſerably cry,
Ai me! the *Nymph* ai me! would not reply,
Or churliſh, or ſhe was a ſleep for company.

III.

I thought on every penſive thing,
That might my paſſion ſtrongly move;
That might the ſweeteſt ſadneſs bring;
Oft did I think on Death, and oft of Love,
The triumphs of the *little God*, and that ſame
Gaſtly King;
The gaſtly King, what has he done?
How his pale Territories ſpread!
Strait ſcantlings now of conſecrated ground
His ſwelling Empire cannot bound,
But every day new *Colonies* of dead
Enhance his Conqueſts, and advance his Throne.
The mighty *City* ſav'd from ſtorms of war,
Exempted from the Crimſon Flood,
When all the Land o're flow'd with blood,
Stoop's yet once more at a new Conqueror:

The

The *City* which so many Rivals bred,
Sackcloath is on her loyns, and ashes on her head.

IV.

When will the frowning Heav'n begin to smile;
Those pitchy clouds be overblown,
That hid the mighty Town,
That I may see the mighty pyle!
When will the angry Angel cease to slay;
And turn his brandish't sword away
From that illustrous *Golgotha*,
London, the great *Aceldama*!
When will that stately *Landscape* open lie,
The mist withdrawn that intercepts my eye!
That heap of *Pyramids* appear,
Which now, too much like those of *Egypt* are:
Eternal Monuments of Pride and Sin,
Magnificent and tall without, but Dead mens bones (within.

Tranſlated out of a Part of Petronius Arbiters Satyricon.

I.

AFter a bluſtring tedious night,
The winds now huſh't, and the black tempeſt o're,
Which the crazy veſſel miſerably tore,
Behold a lamentable ſight!
Rolling far off, upon a briny wave,
Compaſſionate *Philander* ſpi'd
A floating Carcaſs ride,
That ſeem'd to beg the kindneſs of a Grave.

II.

Sad, and concern'd *Philander* then
Weigh'd with himſelf the frail, uncertain ſtate
Of ſilly, ſtrangely diſappointed men,
Whoſe projects are the ſport of Fate,
Perhaps (ſaid he) this poor man's deſolate wife
In a ſtrange Country far away,

Ex-

Expects ſome happy day,
This gaſtly thing, the comfort of her life:

III.

His Son it may be dreads no harm,
But kindly waits his Fathers coming home,
Himſelf ſecure, he apprehends no ſtorm,
But fancies that he ſees him come.
Perhaps this good old man, that kiſt this Son,
And left a bleſſing on his head,
His arms about him ſpread,
Hopes yet to ſee him e're his Glaſs be run.

IV.

Theſe are the Grand Intrigues of man,
Theſe his huge thoughts, and theſe his vaſt deſires
Reſtleſs, and ſwelling like the Ocean
From his birth till he expires.
See where the naked, breathleſs body lyes
To every puff of wind a ſlave,
As the beck of every wave,
That once perhaps war fair, rich, ſtout, and wiſe!

V.

While thus *Philander* penſive ſaid,
Touch't only with a pity for Mankind,
At nearer view, he thought he knew the Dead,
And call'd the wretched Man to mind:
Alas, ſaid he, art thou that angry Thing,
That with thy looks did'ſt threaten Death,
Plagues and Deſtruction breath,
But two days ſince, little beneath a King!

VI.

Ai me! where is thy fury now,
Thine inſolence, and all thy boundleſs power,
O moſt ridiculouſly dreadful thou!
Expos'd for Beaſts and Fiſhes to devour.
Go ſottiſh Mortals, let your Breaſts ſwell high,
All your deſigns laid deep as Hell,
A ſmall miſchance can quell,
Outwitted by the deeper Plots of Deſtiny.

This

VII.

This haughty Lump a while before
What it would do, when it came safe on shore,
Sooth'd up it self, perhaps with hopes of Life,
What for It's Son, what for It's Wife;
See where the Man, and all his Politicks lie,
Ye Gods! what Gulphs are set between,
What we have, and what we ween,
Whilst lull'd in dreams of years to come, we die!

VIII.

Nor are we lyable alone,
To misadventures on the mercyless Sea,
A thousand other things our Fate bring on,
And Shipwrack't everywhere we be.
One in the tumult of a Battel dies
Big with conceit of Victory,
And routing th' Enemy,
With Garlands deckt, himself the Sacrifice.

Another,

IX.

Another, while he pays his vows
On bended knees, and Heaven with tears invokes;
With adorations as he humbly bowes,
While with Gums the Altar ſmoaks,
In th' preſence of his God, the Temple falls,
And thus religious in vain
The flatter'd Bigot ſlain,
Breaths out his laſt within the ſacred walls.

X.

Another with Gay Trophies proud,
From his triumphant Chariot overthrown,
Makes paſtime for the Gazers of the Croud,
That envi'd him his purchas'd Crown,
Some with full meals, and ſparkling bowls of wine,
As if it made too long delay,
Spur on their fatal Day,
Whilſt others, (needy Souls) at their's repine.

Conſider

XI.

Consider well, and every place,
Offers a ready Road to thy long home, (fate
Sometimes with frowns, sometimes with smiling
Th' Ambassadors of Death do come.
By open force or secret ambuscade,
By unintelligible ways,
We end our anxious days,
And stock the large Plantations of the Dead;

XII.

But (some may say) 'tis very hard,
With them, whom heavy chance has Cast away,
With no solemnities at all interr'd,
To roam unburi'd on the Sea:
No——'tis all one where we receive our doom,
Since, somewhere, 'tis our certain lot
Our Carcases must rot,
And they whom heaven covers need no Tomb.

A Thought of DEATH.

WHen on my ſick Bed I languiſh,
Full of ſorrow, full of anguiſh,
Fainting, gaſping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, ſpeechleſs, dying,
My Soul juſt now about to take her flight
Into the Regions of eternal night;
Oh tell me you,
That have been long below,
What ſhall I do!
What ſhall I think, when cruel Death appears,
That may extenuate my fears!
Methinks I hear ſome Gentle Spirit ſay,
Be not fearful, come away!
Think with thy ſelf that now thou ſhalt be free,
And find thy long expected liberty,
Better thou mayeſt, but worſe thou can'ſt not be
Than in this Vale of Tears, and Miſery.
Like *Cæſar*, with aſſurance that come on,

And

And unamaz'd, attempt the Lawrel Crown,
That lyes on th' other side Death's Rubicon.

Psalm 39. Verses 4th, 5th.

VERSE 4th.

LOrd let me know the Period of my Age,
The length of this my weary Pilgrimage,
How long this miserable Life shall last,
This Life that stayes so long, yet flies so fast!

VERSE 5th.

Thou by a Span measurest those days of mine,
Eternity's the spacious Bound of Thine:
Who shall compare this little Span with thee,
With Thine Incomprehensibility:
Man born to trouble leaves this World with pain,
His best Estate is altogether vain.

Hymn for the Morning.

AWake my Soul! Awake mine eyes!
Awake my drowſie faculties;
Awake and ſee the new born Light
Spring from the darkſome womb of Night!
Look up and ſee th' unwearied Sun,
Already is his Race begun:
The pretty Lark is mounted high,
And ſings her Mattins in the Sky;
Ariſe my Soul! and thou my voice
In Songs of Praiſe, early rejoyce!
O Great Creator! Heavenly King!
Thy Praiſes let me ever ſing!
Thy Power has made, thy Goodneſs kept
This fenceleſs Body while I ſlept,
Yet one day more haſt given me
From all the Powers of darkneſs free:
O keep my heart from Sin ſecure,
My Life unblameable and pure,
That when the laſt of all my Days is come,
Cheatful and fearleſs I may wait my Doom.

Anthem

Anthem for the Evening.

SLeep! downy ſleep! come cloſe my eyes,
STyr'd with beholding Vanities!
Sweet ſlumbers come and chaſe away
The toiles and follies of the day:
On your ſoft boſom will I lie,
Forget the World and learn to die.
O *Iſraels* watchful Shepheard ſpread
Tents of Angels round my Bed;
Let not the Spirits of the Aire,
While I ſlumber, me enſnare;
But ſave thy Suppliant free from harms,
Claſp't in thine everlaſting Arms.
Clouds and thick darkneſs is thy Throne,
Thy wonderful Pavilion:
Oh dart from thence a ſhining Ray,
And then my midnight ſhall be Day!
Thus when the morn in Crimſon dreſt,
Breaks through the Windows of the Eaſt,
My Hymns of thankful Praiſes ſhall ariſe
Like Incenſe or the morning Sacrifice.

Death.

DEATH.

SONG.

OH the ſad Day;
When Friends ſhall ſhake their heads and ſay
Of miſerable me,
Hark how he groans, look how he pants for breath
See how he ſtruggles with the pangs of Death!
When they ſhall ſay of theſe poor eyes,
How hollow, and how dim they be,
Mark how his Breaſt does ſwell and riſe,
Againſt his potent Enemy!
When ſome old Friend ſhall ſtep to my Bed-ſide,
Touch my chill face, and thence ſhall gently ſlide.
And when his next Companions ſay,
How does he do? what hopes? ſhall turn away,
Anſwering only with a lift up hand,
Who can his Fate withſtand?
Then ſhall a gaſp or two do more
Than e're my Rhetorick could before,
Perſwade the peeviſh world to trouble me no more!

The

The Happy Man.

PEaceful is he, and moſt ſecure,
Whoſe heart, and actions all are pure;
How ſmooth and pleaſant is his way,
Whilſt Life's *Meander* ſlides away
If a fierce Thunderbolt do flie,
This Man can unconcerned lie;
Knows 'tis not levell'd at his head,
So neither noiſe, nor flaſh can dread:
Tho' a ſwift Whirlwind tear in ſunder
Heav'n above him, or Earth under;
Tho' the Rocks on heaps do tumble,
Or the World to Aſhes crumble,
Tho' the ſtupendious Mountains from on high
Drop down, and in their humble Vallies lie:
Should the unruly Ocean roar,
And daſh its Foam againſt the Shore;
He finds no Tempeſt in his mind,
Fears no Billow, feels no Wind:

All is ſerene, all quiet there,
There's not one blaſt of troubled Air,
Old Stars may fall, or new ones blaze,
Yet none of theſe his Soul amaze,
Such is the man can ſmile at irkſome death,
And with an eaſie ſigh give up his breath.

ON
Mr. JOHNSON'S
Several Shipwracks.

HE that has never yet acquainted been
With cruel chance, nor Vertue naked ſeen,
Strip't from th' advantages (which vices wear)
Of happy, plauſible, ſucceſsful, fair;
Nor learn't how long the lowring cloud may laſt,
Wherewith her beauteous face is overcaſt,
'Till ſhe her native glories does recover,
And ſhine's more bright, after the Storm is over;
To be inform'd, he need no further go,
Than this Divine Epitome of woe;

In

In *Johnson's* Life, and Writings he may find,
What *Homer* in his *Odysses* design'd,
A vertuous Man, by miserable fate,
Rendred ten thousand ways unfortunate;
Sometimes within a leaking Vessel tost,
All hopes of life, and the lov'd Shore quite lost,
While hidden Sands, and every greedy Wave,
With horror gap't themselves into a Grave:
Sometimes upon a Rock with fury thrown,
Moaning himself, where none could hear his mone;
Sometimes cast out upon the barren sand,
Expos'd to th' mercy of a Barbarous Land:
Such was the Pious *Johnson*, 'till kind Heaven
A blessed End to all his toils had given:
To shew, that vertuous men, tho' they appear,
But *Fortune's* sport, are *Providence's* care.

An Explanation of an

EMBLEM

engraven by V. H.

SE'ſt thou thoſe *Raies*, the *Light* 'bove them?
And that gay thing the *Diadem*?
The *Wheel* and *Balance*, which are ty'd
To th' Gold, black Clouds on either ſide?
Se'ſt thou the winged *Trumpetters* withal,
That kick the *World's* blew tottering Ball?
The flying *Globe*, the *Glaſs* thereon,
Thoſe fragments of a *Skeleton*?
The *Baies*, the *Pſalms*, the *Fighting men*;
And *written Scroul*?——Come tell me then,
Did thy o're curious eye e'r ſee
An apter Scheme of Miſery?
What's all that *Gold* and ſparkling *Stones*
To that bald Scull, to thoſe *Croſs Bones*?
What mean thoſe *Blades* (whom men adore)
To ſtain the Earth with purple gore?

Sack ſtately Towns, ſilk Banners ſpread,
Gallop their Courſers o're the Dead,
Far more than this? and all to ſway
But till thoſe ſands ſhall glide away.
For when the *Bubble World* ſhall fly
With ſtretch't out Plumes, when the brisk eye
Shall cloſe with anguiſh, ſink with tears,
And th' Angels Trumpets pierce our ears,
What's haughty Man or thoſe fine things,
Which Heaven calls *Men*, though Men ſtile *Kings*?
Vain *World* adieu! and farewel fond renown!
Give me the *Glory*, that's above the *Crown*!

For THOUGHTS.

I.

THoughts! What are they?
They are my conſtant Friends,
Who, when harſh Fate its dull brow bends,
Uncloud me with a ſmiling Ray,
And in the depth of midnight force a day.

II.

When I retire, and flee
The busie throngs of Company;
To hug my self in privacy;
O the discourse! the pleasant talk,
'Twixt us (my thoughts) along a lonely walk!

III.

You like the stupifying Wine
The dying malefactors sip
With shivering lip,
T'abate the rigour of their Doom,
By a less troublous cut to their long home;
Make me slight Crosses, though they pil'd up lie,
All by th' enchantments of an extasie.

IV.

Do I desire to see
The Throne and Majesty
Of that proud one
Brother and Uncle to the Stars and Sun?

Those

Thoſe can conduct me where ſuch Toyes reſide,
And waſt me croſs the Main, *ſans* wind and tide.

V.

Would I deſcrie
Thoſe radiant Manſions 'bove the Skie,
Inviſible by Mortal eye?
My *Thoughts*, my *Thoughts* can lay
A ſhining Track thereto,
And nimbly fleeting go:
Through all the eleven *Orbs* can ſhove away,
Theſe too, like *Jacob's* Ladder, are
A moſt Angelick thorough-fare.

VI.

The Wealth that ſhines
In th' *Oriental* Mines;
Thoſe ſparkling Gems which Nature keeps
Within her Cabinets, the Deeps,
The Verdent Fields,
The Rarities the Rich World yields;
Rare Structures, whoſe each gilded ſpire
Glimers like Lightning; which, while men admire,

They deem the neighbouring Skie on fire,
Theſe can I gaze upon and glut mine eyes
With Myriads of varieties.
As on the front of *Piſgah*, I
Can th' *Holy Land* through theſe my *Opticks* ſpie.

VII.

Contemn we then
The peeviſh rage of men,
Whoſe violence ne'r can divorce
Our mutual amity;
Or lay ſo damn'd a Curſe
As *non addreſſes*, 'twixt my thoughts and me:
For though I ſigh in Irons, They
Uſe their old freedom, readily obey;
And when my boſome-friends deſert me, ſtay.

VIII.

Come then my darlings, I'le embrace
My Priviledge; make known
The high prerogative I own,
By making all allurements give you place;
Whoſe ſweet ſociety to me,

A ſanctuary and a ſhield ſhall be
'Gainſt the full Quivers of my Deſtiny.

Againſt THOUGHTS.

I.

INtolerable Racks!
Diſtend my Soul no more,
Loud as the Billows when they roar,
More dreadful than the hideous thunder cracks.
Foes inappeaſable! that ſlay
My beſt contents, around me ſtand,
Each like a *Fury*, with a Torch in hand;
And fright me from the hopes of one good Day.

II.

When I ſeclude my ſelf, and ſay
How frolick will I be,
Unfetter'd from my Company
I'le bath me in felicity!
In come theſe Gueſts,
Which *Harpy* like defile my Feaſts,

Oh

Oh the damn'd Dialogues, the curſed talk
'Twixt us (my Thoughts) along a ſullen walk.

III.

You, like the poyſonous Wine
The Gallants quaff
To make 'em laugh,
And yet at laſt endure
From thence the tortures of a *Calenture*,
Fool me with feign'd refections, till I lie
Stark raveing in a *Bedlam* extaſie.

IV.

Do I dread
The Starry Throne and Majeſty
Of that High *God*,
Who batters Kingdoms with an Iron Rod,
And makes the Mountains ſtagger with a nod?
That ſits upon the glorious Bow,
Smiling at changes here below.
Theſe goad me to his grand Tribunal, where
They tell me I with horror muſt appear,
And antedate amazements by grim fear.

Would

V.

Would I descry
Those happy Soul's blest Mansions 'bove the Sky,
Invisible by mortal eye,
And in a noble speculation trace
A journey to that shining place?
Can I afford a sigh or two,
Or breath a Wish that I might thither go:
These clip my Plumes, and chill my blazing Love
That O I cannot, cannot soar above.

VI.

The Fire that shines
In Subterranean Mines,
The Chrystall'd streams,
The sulphur Rocks that glow upon
The torrid banks of *Phlegeton*;
Those sooty Fiends which Nature keeps,
Bolted and barr'd up in the deeps;
Black Caves wide Chasms which who see confess
Types of the Pit so deep, so bottomless!

These

These mysteries, though I fain would not behold,
You to my view unfold:
Like an Old Roman Criminal, to the high
Tarpeian Hill you force me up, that I
May so be hurried headly down, and Die.

VII.

Mention not then
The strength, and faculties of men;
Whose Arts cannot expell
These anguishes, this bosome-Hell,
When down my aking head I lay
In hopes to slumber them away;
Perchance I do beguile
The Tyranny a while,
One or two minutes, then they throng again,
And reassault me with a trebled pain:
Nay though I sob in Fetters, they
Spare me not then; perplex me each sad day,
And whom a very *Turk* would pity, slay.

Hence,

VIII.

Hence, Hence, (my Jaylors!) *Thoughts* be gone,
Let my Tranquillities alone.
Shall I imbrace
A *Crocodile*, or place
My choice affections on the fatal Dart,
That ſtabs me to the heart?
I hate your curſt proximity,
Worſe than the venom'd arrows heads that be
Cramm'd in the quivers of my Deſtiny.

A Dooms-Day Thought.

Anno 1659.

Judgment! two ſyllables can make
The haughtieſt Son of *Adam* ſhake,
'Tis coming, and 'twill ſurely come
The dawning to that *Day* of *Doom*;
O th' morning bluſh of that dread day,
When Heav'n and Earth ſhall ſteal away,

Shall

Shall in their Priſtine *Chaos* hide,
Rather than th' angry Judge abide:
'Tis not far off; methinks I ſee
Among the Stars ſome dimmer be;
Some tremble, as their Lamps did fear
A Neighbouring Extinguiſher.
The greater Luminaries fail,
Their Glories by Eclipſes vail,
Knowing e're long their borrow'd Light
Muſt ſink in th' Univerſal Night.
When I behold a Miſt ariſe,
Strait to the ſame aſtoniſh't Eyes,
Th' aſcending Clouds do's repreſent,
A Scene of th' ſmoaking Firmament.
Oft when I hear a bluſtering Wind
With a tempeſtuous murmur joyn'd,
I phancy, *Nature* in this blaſt,
Practice's how to breath her Laſt,
Or ſigh's for poor Mans miſery,
Or pant's for fair Eternity.

Go to the dull Church-yard, and ſee
Thoſe Hillocks of Mortality.

Where

Where proudeſt Man is only found
By a ſmall ſwelling in the Ground;
What Crouds of Careaſſes are made
Slave to the Pickax and the Spade!
Dig but a foot, or two, to make
A Cold Bed, for thy dead Friends ſake;
'Tis odds but in that ſcantling room,
Thou robb'ſt another of his Tomb,
Or in thy delving ſmit'ſt upon
A Shinbone, or a Cranion.

When th' Priſon's full, what next can be
But the Grand Goal Delivery?
The Great *Aſſize*, when the pale Clay
Shall gape, and render up its Prey;
When from the Dungeon of the Grave
The meager Throng themſelves ſhall heave,
Shake off their Linnen Chains, and gaze
With wonder, when the world ſhall blaze,
Then climb the Mountains, ſcale the Rocks,
Force op'n the Deep's Eternal Locks,
Beſeech the Cliſts to lend an Ear,
Obdurate they, and will not hear.

What?

What? ne're a Cavern ne're a Grot
To cover from the common Lot?
No quite forgotten Hold, to ly
Obſcur'd, and paſs the reck'ning by?
No——Ther's a quick all piercing Eye
Can through the Earth's dark Center pry,
Search into th' bowels of the Sea,
And comprehend Eternity.

What ſhall we do then, when the voice
Of the ſhrill *Trump* with ſtrong fierce noiſe
Shall pierce our Ears, and ſummon all
To th' Univerſe wide Judgment-Hall?
What ſhalt we do, we cannot hide,
Nor yet that ſcrutiny abide:
When enlarg'd Conſcience loudly ſpeaks,
And all our boſom-ſecrets breaks;
When flames ſurround, and greedy *Hell*
Gapes for a Booty, (*who can dwell*
With everlaſting Burnings!) when
Irrevocable words ſhall paſs on Men;
Poor naked Men, who ſometimes, thought
Theſe frights perhaps would come to nought!

What

What ſhall we do! we cannot run
For Refuge, or the ſtrict Judge ſhun?
'Tis too late *then* to think what courſe to take,
While we live here, we muſt proviſion make.

Virtus ſola manet, cætera mortis erunt.

I.

NUnquam ſitivi, quæ vehit aureo
Pactolus *alveo flumina; quo magis*
Potatur Hermus, *tanto avaræ*
Mentis Hydrops ſitibundus ardet.

II.

Fruſtrà caduci carceris incola
Molirer Arces; quilibet angulus
Sat oſſa poſt manes reponet;
Exiguum ſatis eſt Sepulchrum.

III.

Nil ſtemma penſo, nil titulos moror,
Cerâſve áviti ſanguinis indices,
Sunt iſta fatorum, inque Lethes
Naufragium patientur undis.

IV.

Ergo in quieto pectoris ambitu
Quid Mens anhelas fulgura gloriæ,
Laudéſque inanes, & loquacem
Quæ populi ſedet ore, famam.

V.

Letho *ſuperſtes gloria, ſomnii*
Dulcedo vana eſt, fama malignior,
Nil tangit umbras, nec feretrum
Ingreditur Popularis Aura.

VI.

Manſura ſector, ſola ſed invidi
Expers Sepulchri ſydera trajicit,

Sperném-

Spernénſque fatorum tumultus
Pellit humum generoſa Virtus.

VII.

Præceps novorum cætera menſium
Conſumet ætas, ſeráque temporis
Delebit annoſi vetuſtas
Utopicæ *nova Regna Lunæ.*

Tranſlated.

I.

I Never thirſted for the Golden Flood,
Which o're *Pactolus* wealthy ſands do's roul,
From whence the covetous mind receives no good,
But rather ſwells the dropſie of his Soul.

II.

On Pallaces why ſhould I ſet my Mind,
Impriſon'd in his Bodies mouldring clay?
Ere long to poor ſix foot of Earth confin'd,
Whoſe bones muſt crumble at the fatal day.

III.

Titles and Pedigrees, what are they to me,
Or honour gain'd by our Fore-Fathers toil,
The Sport of Fate, whoſe gaudieſt Pageantry
Lethe will waſh out, dark Oblivion ſoyl?

IV.

Why then (my Soul) who fain would be at eaſe,
Should the Worlds glory dazle thy bright Eye?
Thy ſelf with vain applauſe why ſhould'ſt thou (pleaſe,
Or dote on Fame, which Fools may take from (Thee?

V.

Praiſe after death is but a pleaſant dream,
The Dead fare ne'r the worſe for ill report;
The Ghoſts below know nothing of a Name,
Nor ever Popular Carcaſſes court,

VI.

Give me the laſting Good, *Vertue*, that flies,
Above the Clouds, that tramples on dull Earth,
Exempt

Exempt from Fates tumultuous Mutinies,
Vertue, that cannot need a ſecond Birth:

VII.

All other things muſt bend their heads to Time,
By Ages mighty Torrent born away,
Hereafter no more thought on than my Rhime,
Or *Faëry* Kingdoms in *Utopia*.

Pſalm 15. *Paraphras'd.*

VERSE I.

WHo ſhall approach the dread *Jehova's* (Throne
Or dwell within thy Courts, O *Holy One*!
That happy man whoſe feet ſhall tread the Road
Up *Sion's* Hill, that Holy Hill of God.

VERSE II.

He that's devout and ſtrict in all he does
That through the ſinful World uprightly goes,
The deſp'rate heights from whence the great ones
(Giddy with fame) turn not his head at all: (fall)

Stands firm on *Honours* pinnacle, and ſo
Fears not the dreadful precipice below.
Of Conſcience, not of Man, he ſtands in awe,
Juſt to obſerve each tittle of the Law!
His words and thoughts bear not a double part,
His breaſt is open, and he ſpeaks his heart.

VERSE III.

He that reviles not, or with cruel words,
(Deadly as venome, ſharp as two edg'd ſwords)
Murthers his Friends repute, nor dares believe,
That Rumour which his neighbour's ſoul may (grieve:
But with kind words embalms his bleeding Name,
Wipes off the ruſt, and poliſhes his fame.

VERSE IV.

He in whoſe eyes the braveſt ſinners be
Extreamly vile, though rob'd in Majeſty;
But if he ſpies a righteous man (though poor)
Him he can honour, love, admire, adore,
In *Iſrael*'s humbled plains had rather ſtay,
Then in the Tents of *Kedar* bear the ſway:

He

He that severely keeps his sacred vow,
No mental reservation dares allow,
But what he swears, intends; will rather dy,
Lose all he has, than tell a *solemn Ly*.

VERSE V.

He that extorts not from the needy Soul,
When Laws his Tyranny cannot controul;
He whom a thousand Empires cannot hire,
Against a guiltless person to conspire.

He that has these perfections, needs no more
What treasures can be added to his store:
The *Pyramids* shall turn to dust, to hide
Their own vast bulk, and haughty Founders pride;
Leviathan shall dye within his deep;
The eyes of Heaven close in eternal sleep;
Confusion may o'rewhelm both Sea, and Land;
Mountains may tumble down, but he shall stand.

JOB.

FEw be the days that feeble man muſt breath,
Yet frequent Troubles antedate his death:
Gay like a flow'r he comes, which newly grown,
Fades of it ſelf, or is untimely mown:
Like a thin Aëry ſhadow does he flie,
Lengthning and ſhortning ſtill until he die:
And does *Jehovah* think on ſuch a one,
Does he behold him from his mighty throne?
Will he contend with ſuch a worthleſs thing,
Or Duſt and Aſhes into Judgment bring?

Unclean, unclean is man ev'n from the Womb,
Unclean he falls into his drowzy Tomb.
Surely, he cannot anſwer God, nor be
Accounted pure, before ſuch purity.

Nudus

Nudus Redibo.

NAked I came, when I began to be
A man among the Sons of Misery,
Tender, unarm'd, helpless and quite forlorn
E're since 'twas my hard fortune to be born;
And when the space of a few weary days
Shall be expir'd, then must I go my ways.
Naked I shall return, and nothing have,
Nothing wherewith to bribe my hungry grave.

Then what's the proudest *Monarch*'s glittering (Robe,
Or what's he more, than I that rul'd the Globe?
Since we must all without distinction die,
And slumber both stark naked, He and I.

AN ELEGY

On the EARL of

SANDWICH.

IF there were ought in Verſe, at once could raiſe,
Or tender pity, or immortal praiſe,
Thine Obſequies, brave *Sandwich* would require
What ever would our nobler thoughts inſpire;
But ſince thou find'ſt by thy unhappy fate,
What 'tis to be unfortunately Great,
And purchaſe Honour at too dear a rate:
The Muſes beſt attempt, how e're deſign'd,
Cannot but prove impertinently kind,
Thy glorious Valour is a Theam too high,
For all the humble Arts of Poëſie,
To ſide with chance, and Kingdoms over-run
Are little things Ambitious Men have done;
But on a flaming Ship thus to deſpiſe
That life, which others did ſo highly prize;

To

To fight with Fire, and ſtruggle with a Wave,
And *Neptune* with unwearied Arms out-brave,
Are deeds ſurpaſſing fabulous Chronicle,
And which no future Age can parallel;
Leviathan himſelf's outdone by Thee,
Thou greater *wonder of the Deep*, than *he*:
Nor could the Deep thy mighty Aſhes hold,
The Deep that ſwallows Diamonds and Gold,
Fame ev'n thy ſacred Relicks, does purſue,
Richer than all the Treaſures of *Peru*:
While the kind Sea, thy breathleſs body brings
Safe to the bed of Honour and of Kings.

An Epitaph *on the Earl of* SANDWICH.

HEre lies the Duſt of that illuſtrious Man,
That triumph't o're the Ocean;
Who for his Country nobly courted death,
And dearly ſold his glorious Breath,

Or

Or in a word, in this cold narrow Grave
Sandwich the Good, the Great, the Brave,
(Oh frail Eſtate of Sublunary things!)
Lyes equal here with *Englands* greateſt Kings.

PASTORAL.

I.

AT break of day poor *Celadon*
Hard by his Sheepfolds walk't alone,
His Arms a croſs, his Head bow'd down,
His Oaten Pipe beſides him thrown,
When *Thirſis* hidden in a Thicket by,
Thus heard the diſcontented Shepherd cry.

II.

What is it *Celadon* has done,
That all his Happineſs is gone!
The Curtains of the dark are drawn,
And chearful morn begins to dawn,

Yet

Yet in my breaſt 'tis ever dead of night,
That can admit no beam of pleaſant light.

VIII.

You pretty Lambs do leap and play
To welcom the new kindled day,
Your Shepherd harmleſs, as are you,
Why is he not as frolick too!
If ſuch diſturbance th' Innocent attend,
How differs he from them that dare offend!

IV.

Ye Gods! or let me die, or live,
If I muſt die, why this reprieve?
If you would have me live, O why
Is it with me as thoſe that die!
I faint, I gaſp, I pant, my eyes are ſet,
My Cheeks are pale, and I am living yet.

V.

Ye Gods! I never did withold
The fatteſt Lamb of all my fold,

But

But on your Altars laid it down,
And with a Garland did it crown.
Is it in vain to make your Altar ſmoke?
Is it all one, to pleaſe, and to provoke?

VI.

Time was that I could ſit and ſmile,
Or with a dance the Time beguile,
My Soul like that ſmooth lake was ſtill,
Bright as the Sun behind yon Hill,
Like yonder ſtately Mountain clear, and high,
Swift, ſoft, and gay as that ſame Butterfly.

VII.

But now *Within* there's Civil War,
In arms my rebel Paſſions are,
Their old Allegiance laid aſide,
The Traitors now in Triumph ride;
That many headed Monſter has thrown down
Its lawful Monarch Reaſon, from its Throne.

VIII.

See unrelenting *Sylvia*, See,
All this, and more is long of Thee:
For e'r I ſaw that charming face,
Uninterrupted was my peace,
Thy glorious beamy eyes have ſtruck me blind,
To my own Soul the way I cannot find.

IX.

Yet is it not thy fault nor mine
Heav'n is to blame, that did not ſhine
Upon us both with equal Rays,
It made thine bright, mine gloomy days,
To *Sylvia* beauty gave, and riches ſtore,
All *Celadon*'s offence is, he is poor.

X.

Unlucky Stars poor Shepherds have,
Whoſe love is fickle *Fortune*'s Slave:
Thoſe golden days are out of date,
When every Turtle choſe his Mate:

Cupid

Cupid that mighty prince then uncontroul'd,
Now like a little *Negro*'s bought and ſold.

On the Death of
Mr. Pelham Humfries.

Paſtoral Song.

DId you not hear the hideous Grone,
The Shrieks, and heavy Mone
That ſpread themſelves o're all the penſive plain;
And rent the breaſt of many a tender Swain?
'Twas for *Amintas*, Dead and gone.
Sing ye forſaken Shepherds, ſing *His* Praiſe
In careleſs Melancholy Layes,
Lend *Him* a little doleful Breath:
Poor *Amintas!* cruel Death!
'Twas *Thou* could'ſt make Dead words to live,
Thou that dull numbers could'ſt inſpire
With charming Voice, and tuneful Lyre,
That Life to all, but to *Thy ſelf* could'ſt give;

Why

Why could'st *Thou* not *thy* wondrous Art bequeath
Poor *Amintas*! Cruel Death!
Sing pious Shepherds, while you may,
Before th' approaches of the Fatal Day:
For you your selves that sing this mournful *Song*,
Alas! e're it be long,
Shall, like *Amintas* Breathless be,
Though more forgotten in the Grave, than *He*.

The Mistake.

SONG.

I Heard a young Lover in terrible pain, (least,
From whence if he pleas'd, he might soon be re-
He Swore, and he Vow'd again and again,
He could not out-live the turmoils of his breast;
But, alas, the young Lover I found (ground;
Knew little how cold Love would prove under-
Why should I believe, prithee *Love* tell me (why,
Where my own Flesh and Blood must give me the (Lye!

Let 'em rant while they will, and their Destinies (brave,
They'l find their flames vanish on this side the (grave;
For tho' all addresses on purpose are made
To be *huddled to bed*,—'tis 'nt meant, *with a spade!*

The Incredulous.

SONG.

I'Le ne're believe for *Strephon*'s sake
That *Love*, (what e'r its fond pretences be)
Is not a slave to mutability,
The Moon and that alike of change partake:
Tears are weak, and cannot bind,
Vowes alas! but empty wind:
The greatest Art that Nature gave
To th' Amorous Hypocrite to make him kind,
Long e're he dies will take its leave,
Had you but seen, as I have done,
Strephon's tears, and heard his mone,

How

How pale his Cheek, how dim his Eye,
As if with *Chloris* he resolv'd to dye;
And when her spotless Soul was fled
Heard his amazing praises of the Dead;
Yet in a very little time address
His flame to another Shepherdess.
In a few days giving his Love the Lye,
You'd be as great an Infidel as I.

Weeping at Parting.

SONG.

I.

GO gentle *Oriana*, go,
Thou seest the Gods will have it so;
Alas! Alas! 'tis much in vain
Of their ill usage to complain,
To curse them when we want relief,
Lessens our courage, not our grief:
Dear *Oriana* wipe thine eye,
The Time may come, that thou, and I

Shall meet again, long, long to prove
What Vigour abſence adds to love,
Smile *Oriana* then, and let me ſee,
That look again, which ſtole my liberty.

II.

But ſay that *Oriana* die,
And that ſad moment may be nigh,
The Gods that for a year can ſever,
If it pleaſe them can part us ever;
They that refreſh, can make us weep,
And into Death can lengthen ſleep,
Kind *Oriana* ſhould I hear
The thing I ſo extreamly fear,
'Twill not be ſtrange, if it be ſaid,
After a while, I too, am dead.

Weep *Oriana*, weep, for who does know,
Whether we e'r ſhall meet again below.

The Desperate Lover.

I.

O Mighty King of Terrors, come!
Command thy Slave to his long home:
Great Sanctuary Grave! to thee
In throngs the miserable flie;
Encircl'd in thy frozen Arms,
They bid defiance to their harms,
Regardless of those pond'rous little things,
That discompose th' uneasie heads of Kings.

II.

In the cold Earth the Pris'ner lies
Ransom'd from all his miseries,
Himself forgotten, he forgets
His cruel Creditors, and Debts;
And there in everlasting peace
Contentions with their Authors cease.
A Turf of Grass or Monument of Stone,
Umpires the pretty competition.

III.

The disappointed Lover there,
Breaths not a sigh nor sheds a tear;
With us (fond fools) he never shares
In sad perplexities and cares;
The Willow near his Tomb that grows
Revives his Memory, not his Woes,
Or rain, or shine, he is advanc't above
Th' affronts of Heaven, and stratagems of Love.

IV.

Then mighty King of Terrors come,
Command thy Slave to his long home.
And thou my friend that lov'st me best,
Seal up these eyes that brake my rest;
Put out the lights, bespeak my Knell,
And then eternally farewel.
'Tis all th' amends our wretched Fates can give,
That none can force a desperate man to Live.

The

The Fatigue.

A SONG.

ADieu fond World, and all thy Wiles,
Thy haughty frowns, and Treacherous ſmiles
They that behold thee with my eyes,
Thy double dealing will deſpiſe:
From thee falſe World, my deadly Foe,
Into ſome deſart let me go;
Some gloomy melancholly Cave,
Dark and ſilent as the Grave,
Let me withdraw; where I may be
From thine impertinencies free:
There when I hear the Turtle grone,
How ſweetly would I make my mone!
Kind *Philomel* would teach me there
My ſorrows pleaſantly to bear:
There could I correſpond with none
But Heaven, and my own breaſt alone.

The Resolve.

SONG.

I.

HAd *Phillis* neither Charmes, nor Graces
More than the rest of women wear,
Levell'd by Fate with common faces,
Yet *Damon* could esteem her fair.

II.

Good natur'd Love can soon forgive
Those petty injuries of time,
And all th' affronts of years impute
To her misfortune, not her crime.

III.

Wedlock put's Love upon the Wrack,
Makes it confess 'tis still the same
An Icy Age, as it appear'd,
At first when all was lively flame.

If

IV.

If *Hymen*'s slaves, whose ears are bor'd,
Thus constant by compulsion be,
Why should not choice indear us more
Than them their hard necessity.

V.

Phillis! 'tis true, thy Glass does run,
But since mine too keeps equal pace,
My silver hairs may trouble thee,
As much as me thy ruin'd Face.

VI.

Then let us constant be as Heaven,
Whose Laws inviolable are,
Not like those rambling *Meteors* there
That foretel ills, and disappear.

VII.

So shall a pleasing calm attend,
Our long uneasie Destiny,
So shall our loves, and lives expire
From Storms and Tempest ever free.

Love's

LOVE's *Bravo.*

SONG.

WHy should we murmur, why repine
Phillis at thy Fate, or mine?
Like Pris'ners, why do we those Fetters shake,
Which neither thou, nor I can break?
There is a better way to baffle Fate,
If Mortals would but mind it,
And 'tis not hard to find it:
Who would be happy, must be desperate;
He must despise those Stars that fright
Only Fools that dread the night,
Time and chance he must out-brave,
He that crouches is their Slave.
Thus the wise *Pagans* ill at ease,
Bravely chastiz'd their surly *Deities*;

The

The Expectation.

SONG.

I.

WHy did I ever see those glorious eyes
My famish't Soul to Tantalize?
I hop'd for Heav'n, which I had lately seen,
But ne'r Perceiv'd the Gulph between:
In vain for bliss did my presumptions seek,
My love so strong
I could not hold my tongue,
My heart so feeble that I durst not speak:

II.

Yet why do I my constitutions blame
Since all my heart is out of frame!
'Twere better (sure) my passion to appease,
With hope to palliate my disease:
And 'twill be something like Tranquillity,
To hope for that
I must not compass yet.
And make a Vertue of Necessity.

CORIDON

Coridon *Converted.*

SONG.

I.

WHen *Coridon* a Slave did lie,
Entangled in his *Phillis* eye,
How did he ſigh! how did he grone!
How melancholy was his tone!
He told his ſtory to the woods,
And wept his paſſion by the floods;
But *Phillis*, cruel *Phillis*, too too blame,
Regarded not his ſufferings, nor his flame.

II.

Then *Coridon* reſolv'd no more
His Miſtreſs Mercy to implore;
How did he laugh, how did he ſing!
How did he make the Forreſt ring!
He told his Conqueſts to the woods,
And drown'd his paſſions in the floods:
Then *Phillis*, cruel *Phillis*, leſs ſevere
Would have had him, But he would none of her.

The

The Humouriſt.

SONG.

I.

GOod faith I never was but once ſo mad
To dote upon an idle woman's Face,
And then alas! my fortune was ſo bad
To ſee another choſen in my place,
And yet I courted her I'm very ſure
With Love as true as his was, and as pure.

II.

But if I ever be ſo fond again
To undertake the ſecond part of Love,
To reaſſume that moſt unmanlike pain,
Or after ſhipwrack do the Ocean prove;
My Miſtreſs muſt be gentle, kind, and free,
Or I'le be as indifferent as ſhe.

Reading Beauty.

SONG.

I.

As poor *Aurelia* late alone,
Hard by a Rivulets flowry side,
Envious at Nature's new born pride,
Her slighted self, she thus reflected on.

II.

Alas! that Nature should revive
These flowers, which after Winter's snow
Spring fresh again and brighter shew,
But for our fairer Sex so ill contrive!

III.

Beauty like theirs a short liv'd thing,
On us in vain she did bestow,
Beauty that only once can grow,
An Autumn has, but knows no second Spring.

A DIALOGUE.

Cloris and *Parthenissa*.

C. WHy dost thou all address deny?
Hard hearted *Parthenissa*, why?
See how the trembling Lovers come,
That from thy lips expect their doom.

P. Cloris! I hate them all, they know,
Nay I have often told them so;
Their silly politick's abhorr'd:
I scorn to make my Slave my Lord.

C. But *Strephon*'s eyes proclaim his Love
Too brave, tyrannical to prove.

P. Ah *Cloris*! when we lose our pow'r
We must obey the Conquerour.

C. Yet where a gentle Prince bear's sway,
It is no bondage to obey:

P. But if like *Nero*, for a while,
With arts of kindness he beguile;

How

How ſhall the Tyrant be withſtood!
When he has writ his Laws in blood!
C. Love, (*Partheniſſa*) all command's,
It fetters Kings in charming bands;
Mars yields his Arms to *Cupid*'s darts,
And Beauty ſoften's ſavage hearts.

Chorus.

If nothing elſe can pull the Tyrant down,
Kill him with kindneſs, and the day's your own.

A DIALOGUE.

Orpheus *and* Euridice.

Orpheus.

EUridice, my fair, my fair *Euridice!*
My love, my joy, my life, if ſo thou be
In *Pluto*'s Kingdom anſwer me, appear
And come to thy poor *Orpheus.*——

Eur. Oh I hear,

I hear, dear *Orpheus*, but I cannot come
Beyond the bounds of dull *Elizium*.
I cannot——

Or. And why wilt thou not draw near?
Is there within these Courts a shade so dear
As he that calls thee?

Eur. No, there cannot be
A thing so lovely in mine eyes as thee.
Orph. Why comes not then *Euridice*?——

Eur. The Fates
The Fates forbid, and these eternal Gates
Never unbarr'd, to let a Pris'ner go,
Deny me passage, nay grim *Cerberus* too
Stands at the door——

Orp. But cannot then
They that o're *Lethe* go, return agen?
Eur. Never, oh never!——

Orp. Sure they may, let's try
If Art can null the Laws of Destiny.
My Layes compacted *Thebes*, made every Tree
Loosen it's roots to caper, come let's see
What thou and I can do?

Chor. *Perchance* the throng
Of Ghosts may be enchanted with a song,
And mov'd to Pity.——

Eur. Hark the hinges move
The Gate's unbarr'd, I come, I come my love.

Chorus amborum.

'Twas Musick, only Musick, could un-spel
Helpless, undone *Euridice* from Hell.

The Batchelors Song.

LIke a Dog with a Bottle, fast ti'd to his tail,
Like Vermin in a trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
Or like a *Tory* in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog:
Such is the man, who when he might go free,
Does his liberty lose,
For a Matrimony noose,
And sells himself into captivity;
The Dog he do's howl, when his bottle does jog,

The

The Vermin, the Thief, and the *Tory* in vain
Of the trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire com-
(plain.
But welfare poor *Pug*! for he plays with his Clog;
And though he would be rid on't rather than his
(life,
Yet he lug's it, and he hug's it, as a man does his
(wife.

The Second part.

SONG.

HOw happy a thing were a Wedding
And a Bedding,
If a Man might purchase a Wife
For a twelve month and a day;
But to live with her all a man's life,
For ever and for ay,
Till she grow as gray as a Cat,
Good faith Mr. Parson, I thank you for that.

Advice to an Old Man of ſixty three about to Marry a Girle of ſixteen.

SONG.

I.

NOw fie upon him! what is Man,
Whoſe Life at beſt is but a ſpan?
When to an Inch it dwindles down,
Ice in his bones, Snow on his Crown,
That he within his crazy brain,
Kind thoughts of Love ſhould entertain;
That he, when Harveſt comes ſhould plow,
And when 'tis time to reap, go ſow,
Who in imagination only ſtrong,
Tho' twice a Child, can never twice grow young.

II.

Nature did thoſe deſign for Fools,
That ſue for work, yet have no Tools.

What

What fellow can there be
In ſuch a ſtrange diſparity?
Old age miſtakes the youthful breaſt,
Love dwells not there, but Intereſt:
Alas Good Man! take thy repoſe,
Get Ribband for thy thumbs, and Toes,
Provide thee Flannel, and a ſheet of Lead,
Think on thy Coffin, not thy Bridal Bed.

The SLIGHT.

SONG.

I.

I Did but crave that I might kiſs,
If not her Lip, at leaſt her Hand,
The cooleſt Lover's frequent bliſs,
And rude is ſhe that will withſtand
That inoffenſive liberty:
She (would you think it) in a fume
Turn'd her about and left the Room,
Not ſhe, ſhe vow'd, not ſhe,

II.

Well *Charieſſah* then ſaid I,
If it muſt thus for ever be,
I can renounce my ſlavery,
And ſince you will not, can't be free,
Many a time ſhe made me dye,
Yet (would you think't) I lov'd the more,
But I'le not tak't as heretofore,
Not I, I'le vow not I.

The PENITENT.

SONG.

I.

HAd I but known ſome years ago
What wretched Lovers undergo.
The Tempeſts and the ſtorms that riſe
From their beloved's dangerous eyes,
With how much torment they endure
That Ague, and that Calenture;

Long

Long ſince I had my error ſeen,
Long ſince repented of my ſin:
Too late the Souldier dread's the Trumpets ſound
That newly has receiv'd his mortal wound.

But ſo adventurous was I
My Fortunes all alone to try,
Needs muſt I kiſs the burning light,
Becauſe it ſhin'd, becauſe 'twas bright,
My heart with youthful heat on fire,
I thought ſome God did me inſpire;
And that blind zeal emboldned me,
T'attempt *Althea*'s Deity;
Surely thoſe happy pow'rs that dwell above,
Or never courted, or enjoy'd their love.

The Defiance.

SONG.

I.

BE not too proud imperious Dame,
Your charms are tranſitory things,
May melt, while you at Heaven aim,
Like *Icarus*'s waxen wings;
And you a part in his misfortunes bear,
Drown'd in a briny Ocean of deſpair.

II.

You think your beauties are above
The Poets Brain, and Painters Hand,
As if upon the Throne of Love
You only ſhould the World command:
Yet know, though you preſume your title true,
There are pretenders, that will Rival you.

III.

There's an experienc't Rebel, Time,
And in his Squadrons Poverty;

There's

There's Age that bring's along with him
A terrible Artillery:
And if againſt all theſe thou keep'ſt thy Crown,
Th' Uſurper Death will make thee lay it down.

The Surrender.

SONG.

I Yield, I Yield! Divine *Althæa*, ſee
How proſtrate at thy feet I bow,
Fondly in love with my Captivity,
So weak am I, ſo mighty thou!
Not long ago I could defie,
Arm'd with Wine and Company,
Beauties whole Artillery:
Quite vanquiſh't now by thy miraculous Charms;
Here fair, *Althæa*, take my Arms,
For ſure he cannot be of Humane Race,
That can reſiſt ſo bright, ſo ſweet a Face.

The

The WHIM.

SONG.

I.

WHy ſo ſerious, why ſo grave?
Man of buſineſs, why ſo muddy?
Thy ſelf from chance thou canſt not ſave
With all thy care and ſtudy.
Look merrily then, and take thy repoſe;
For 'tis to no purpoſe to look ſo forlorn,
Since the world was as bad, before thou wer't born
And when it will mend who knows?
And a thouſand year hence 'tis all one,
If thou lay'ſt on a Dunghill, or ſateſt on a Throne;

II.

To be troubled to be ſad,
Carking Mortal 'tis a folly,
For a pound of pleaſure's not ſo bad
As an ounce of Melancholy;

Since

Since all our lives long we travel towards Death,
Let us reſt us ſometimes, and bait by the way,
'Tis but dying at laſt; in our race let us ſtay,
And we ſhan't be ſo ſoon out of breath.
Sit the Comedy out, and that done,
When the Play's at an end, let the Curtain fall down.

The RENEGADO.

SONG.

I.

REmov'd from fair *Urania*'s eyes
Into a Village far away:
Fond *Aſtrophil* began to ſay,
Thy charms *Urania* I deſpiſe;
Go bid ſome other Shepherd for thee dy,
That never underſtood thy Tyranny.

II.

Return'd at length the amorous Swain,
Soon as he ſaw his Dietie,

Ador'd

Ador'd again, and bow'd his knee,
Became her Slave, and wore her Chain;
The needle thus that motionleſs did ly, (nigh.
Trembles, and moves, when the lov'd Loadſtone's

PHILLIS *withdrawn.*

I.

I Did but ſee her, and ſhe's ſnatch't away,
I find I did but happy ſeem;
So ſmall a while did my contentments ſtay,
As ſhort and pleaſant as a dream:
Yet ſuch are all our ſatisfactions here,
They raiſe our hopes, and then they diſappear.

II.

Ill natur'd Stars that evermore conſpire
To quench poor *Strephon*'s flame,
To ſtop the progreſs of his ſwift deſire,
And leave him but an Aëry Name;
Why art thou doom'd (of no pretences proud)
Ixion-like thus to embrace a Cloud?

Yet

III.

Yet why ſhould *Strephon* murmur, why complain,
Or envy *Phillis* her delight,
Why ſhould her pleaſures be to him a pain,
Eaſier perhaps out of his ſight?
No, *Strephon*, no! If *Phillis* happy be,
Thou ſhould'ſt rejoice, what e'r becom's of Thee.

IV.

Amidſt the charming Glories of the Spring
In pleaſant Fields and goodly Bowers
Indulgent Nature ſeems concern'd to bring
All that may bleſs her innocent hours,
While thy diſaſtrous Fate has ty'd thee down
To all the noiſe and tumult of the Town.

V.

Strephon that for himſelf expects no good
To *Phillis* wiſhes every where,
A long ſerenity without a Cloud,
Sweet as theſe ſmiles of th' Infant year,

May

May *Halcyons* in her boſome build their neſt,
What ever ſtorms ſhall diſcompoſe my breaſt.

The Malecontent.

SONG.

PHillis, O *Phillis!* Thou art fondly vain,
My wavering thoughts thus to moleſt,
Why ſhould my pleaſure be the only pain,
That muſt torment my eaſie breaſt?
If with *Prometheus* I had ſtoll'n fire,
Fire from above,
As ſcorching and as bright, as that of love,
I might deſerve *Jove's* ire,
A Vulture then might on my Liver feed,
But now eternally I bleed,
And yet on Thee, on Thee lies all the blame,
Who freely gav'ſt the Fewel and the Flame.

The Indifferent.

SONG.

PRithee confeſs for my ſake, and your own,
Am I the Man or no?
If I am he, thou can'ſt not do't too ſoon,
If not, thou can'ſt not be too ſlow;
If Woman cannot love, Man's folly's great
Your Sex with ſo much zeal to treat;
But if we freely proffer to purſue
Our tender thoughts and ſpotleſs love,
Which nothing ſhall remove,
And you deſpiſe all this, pray what are you?

The HARBOUR.

SONG.

O Tedious hopes! when will the ſtorm be o're!
When will the beaten Veſſel reach the (ſhore!
Long

Long have I ſtriv'n with bluſtring winds and tides,
Clouds o're my head, Waves on my ſides!
Which in my dark adventures high did ſwell,
While Heaven was black as Hell,
O Love, tempeſtuous Love, yet, yet at laſt,
Let me my Anchor caſt,
And for the troubles I have undergone,
O bring me to a Port which I may call my own.

The Unconcerned.

SONG.

NOw that the World is all in amaze,
Drums, and Trumpets rending Heav'ns,
Wounds a bleeding, Mortals dying,
Widows and Orphans piteouſly crying;
Armies marching, Towns in a blaze,
Kingdoms and States at ſixes and ſeven:
What ſhould an honeſt Fellow do,
Whoſe courage, and fortunes run equally low?

Let

Let him live ſay I till his glaſs be run,
As eaſily as he may,
Let the wine, and the ſand of his glaſs flow toge-ther,
For Life's but a winters day;
Alas from Sun to Sun,
The time's very ſhort, very dirty the weather,
And we ſilently creep away;
Let him nothing do, he could wiſh undone;
And keep himſelf ſafe from the noiſe of Gun.

The Immoveable.

SONG.

I.

WHat though the Skie be clouded o're,
And Heav'ns influence ſmile no more?
Though Tempeſts riſe, and Earthquakes make
The giddy World's foundation ſhake?
A gallant breaſt contemns the feeble blow
Of angry Gods, and ſcorns what Fate can do.

II.

What if Alarums sounded be,
And we must face our Enemy,
If Cannons bellow out a death,
Or Trumpets woo away our breath!
'Tis brave amidst the glittering Throng to die,
Nay *Sampson* like to fall with Company.

III.

Then let the Swordman domineer,
I can, nor Pike, nor Musket fear;
Clog me with Chains, your envies tire,
For when I will, I can expire;
And when the puling fit of Life is gone,
The worst that cruel man can do, is done.

The

The WISH.

SONG.

I.

NOt to the Hills where Cedars move
Their cloudy head, not to the Grove
Of Myrtles in th' *Elyſium* ſhade,
Nor *Tempe* which the Poets made;
Not on the ſpicy Mountains play;
Or travel to *Arabia*:
I aim not at the careful Throne,
Which Fortune's darlings ſit upon;
No, no, the beſt this fickle world can give,
Has but a little, little time to live.

II.

But let me ſoar, O let me flie
Beyond poor Earths benighted eye,
Beyond the pitch ſwift Eagles towre,
Above the reach of humane Power;

Above the Stars, above the way,
Whence *Phœbus* darts his piercing ray.
O let me tread thoſe Courts that are,
So bright, ſo pure, ſo bleſt, ſo fair,
As neither thou, nor I muſt never know
On Earth, 'tis thither, thither would I go.

The CORDIAL.

In the Year 1657.

SONG.

I.

Did you hear of the News (O the News) how (it thunders!
Do but ſee, how the block-headed Multitude won- (ders;
One fumes, and ſtamps, and ſtares to think upon
What others wiſh as faſt, Confuſion.
One ſwears w'are gone, another juſt agoing,
While a third ſits and cryes,

'Till

'Till his half blinded eyes,
Call him pitiful Rogue for ſo doing.
Let the tone be what 'twill that the mighty Ones utter,
Let the cauſe be what 'twill why the poorer ſort mutter;
I care not what your State conſounders do,
Nor what the ſtout repiners undergo:
I cannot whine at any alterations;
Let the *Swede* beat the *Dane*
Or be beaten again,
What am I in the Croud of the Nations?

II.

What care I if the North and South Poles come together;
If the *Turk*, or the *Pope's Antichriſtian*, or neither;
If fine *Aſtræa* be (as *Naſo* ſaid)
From Mortals in a peeviſh fancy fled:
Rome, when 'twas all on fire, her People mourning,
'Twas an *Emperor* could ſtand
With his harp in his hand,
Sing and play, while the *City* was *burning*.

Celadon *on* Delia *ſinging.*

O *Delia!* for I know 'tis ſhe,
It muſt be ſhe, for nothing elſe could move
My tuneleſs heart, than ſomething from *Above.*
I hate all earthly Harmony:
Hark, Hark ye *Nymphs*, and *Satyrs* all around!
Hark how the baſled *Eccho* faints; ſee how ſhe dies
Look how the winged Quire all gaſping lye's
At the melodious ſound;
See, while ſhe ſings
How they droop and hang their wings!
Angelick, *Delia*, ſing no more,
Thy ſong's too great for mortal ear;
Thy charming notes we can no longer bear:
O then in pity to the World give o're,
And leave us ſtupid as we were before.
Fair *Delia* take the fatal choice,
Or veil thy beauty, or ſuppreſs thy Voice.

His paſſions thus poor *Celadon* betray'd,
When firſt he ſaw, when firſt he heard the lovely
Maid. *The*

The Advice.

SONG.

I.

POor *Celia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching eye ſhe had,
Moſt neatly look't her braided hair,
Her dainty cheeks would make you mad,
Upon her lip did all the *Graces* play,
And on her breaſt ten thouſand *Cupids* lay.

II.

Then many a doting Lover came
From *ſeventeen* till *twenty one*,
Each told her of her mighty flame,
But ſhe (forſooth) affected none,
One was not handſome, t'other was not fine,
This of Tobacco ſmelt, and that of Wine.

III.

But t'other day it was my fate,
To walk along that way alone,

I ſaw no Coach before her gate,
But at the door I heard her mone,
She dropt a tear, and ſighing ſeem'd to ſay
Young Ladies marry, marry while you may!

TO
Mr. SAM. AUSTIN
Of Wadham *Coll.* OXON,
On his moſt unintelligible Poems.

SIR,

IN that ſmall inch of time I ſtole, to look
On th' obſcure depths of your myſterious Book,
(Heav'n bleſs my eye ſight!) what ſtrains did I ſee
What Steropegeretick Poetry!
What Hieroglyphick words, what all,
In Letters more than Cabaliſtical!
We with our fingers may your Verſes ſcan,
But all our Noddles underſtand them can
No more, than read that dungfork, pothook hand
That in * *Queen's Colledge Library* does ſtand.

* *The Devils hand-writing in* Queen's *Coll. Library at* Oxford.

The

The cutting Hanger of your wit I can't ſee,
For that ſame ſcabbard that conceals your Fame:
Thus a black velvet Casket hides a Jewel;
And a dark woodhouſe, wholeſome winter Fuel;
Thus *John Tradeskin* ſtarves our greedy eyes,
By boxing up his new found Rarities;
We dread *Actæons* Fate, dare not look on,
When you do ſcowre your skin in *Helicon*;
We cannot (*Lynceus*-like) ſee through the wall
Of your ſtrong-Morter'd *Poems*; nor can all
The ſmall ſhot of our Brains make one hole in
The Bulwark of your Book, that Fort to win.
Open your meanings door, O do not lock it!
Undo the Buttons of your ſmaller Pocket,
And charitably ſpend thoſe *Angels* there,
Let them inrich and actuate our Sphere.
Take off our Bongraces, and ſhine upon us,
Though your reſplendent beams ſhould chance to (tan us.
Had you but ſtoln your Verſes, that we might
Hope in good time they would have come to light;
And felt I not a ſtrange Poetick heat
Flaming within, which reading makes me ſweat,

Vulcan

Vulcan ſhould take 'em, and I'd not exempt 'em,
Becauſe they be things *Quibus lumen ademptum.*
I thought to have commended ſomething there,
But all exceeds my commendations far,
I can ſay nothing; but ſtand ſtill, and ſtare,
And cry, O wondrous, ſtrange, profound, and rare,
Vaſt Wits muſt fathom you better than thus,
You merit more than our praiſe: as for us
The Beetles of our Rhimes ſhall drive full faſt
The wedges of your worth to everlaſting, (in,
My Much *Apocalyptique* friend *Sam. Auſtin.*

TO

TO MY
Ingenious Friend
Mr. WILLIAM FAITHORN
On his Book of
Drawing, Etching, *and* Graving.

SHould I attempt an Elogy, or Frame
Paper-ſtructure to ſecure thy name,
The lightning of one Cenſure, one ſtern frown
Might quickly hazard that, and thy renown,
But this thy Book prevents that fruitleſs pain,
One line ſpeaks purelier Thee, than my beſt ſtrain.
Thoſe Myſteries (once like the ſpiteful mold,
Which bars the greedy *Spaniard* from his Gold.)
Thou doſt unfold in every friendly Page,
Kind to the preſent, and ſucceeding age.
That Hand, whoſe curious Art prolongs the date
Of frail Mortality, and baffle's Fate
With Braſs and Steel, can ſurely potent be,
To rear a laſting Monument for thee:

For

For my part I prefer (to guard the Dead)
A *Copper-Plate* beyond a Sheet of Lead.
So long as Braſs, ſo long as Books endure,
So long as neat wrought-Pieces Thou 'rt ſecure.
A [*Faithorn ſculpſit*] is a charm can ſave
From dull oblivion, and a gaping grave.

On the Commentaries *of*

Meſſire Blaize de MONTLUC,

To the Worthy Trauſlator

CHARLES COTTEN, *Eſq;*

HE that would aptly write of warlike men,
Should make his Ink of Blood, a Sword his Pen;
At leaſt he muſt their Memories abuſe,
Who writes with leſs than *Maro's* mighty Muſe:
Alk (Sir) that I could ſay of this great Theme
(The Brave *Montluc*) would leſſen his eſteem;
Whoſe Laurels too much native verdure have
To need the Praiſes vulgar Chaplets crave:

His

His own bold hand, what it durſt write, durſt do,
Grappled with Enemies, and Oblivion too;
Hew'd his own Monument, and grav'd thereon,
Its deep and durable inſcription.
To you (*Sir*) whom the valiant Author owe's,
His ſecond Life, and Conqueſt o're his Foes;
Ill natur'd Foes, Time and Detraction,
What is a Stranger's Contribution!
Who has not ſuch a ſhare of vanity;
To dream that one, who with ſuch induſtry
Obliges all the World, can be oblig'd by me.

A Character of a

BELLY-GOD.

Catius and *Horace.*

Horace.

WHence *Brother* Caſe, *and whether bound ſo faſt?*

Ca. *Oh, Sir, you muſt excuſe me, I'm in haſte,*

I dine with my (Lord Mayor) *and can't allow*
Time for our eating Directory *now*;
Though I must needs confess, I think my *Rules*
Would prove *Pythagoras* and *Plato* Fools.

Hor. *Grave Sir, I must acknowledge, 'tis a* (*crime*
To interrupt at such a nick of time;
Yet stay a little Sir, it is no Sin;
You're to say Grace e're Dinner can begin;
Since you at food such Virtuoso *are,*
Some Precepts *to an hungry* Poet *spare.*

Ca. I grant you Sir, next pleasure t'ane in eating
Is that (as we do call it) of *repeating*;
I still have *Kitching Systems* in my mind,
And from my *Stomachs* fumes a *Brain* well lin'd,

Hor. *Whence, pray Sir, learnt you those inge-* (*nuous Arts,*
From one at home, or hir'd from foreign parts?

Ca. No names Sir (I beseech you,) that's foul
We ne'r name *Authors*, only what they say. (play,
1. 'For *Eggs* chuse *long*, the *round* are out of fa-
'Unsavoury and distasteful to the Nation (shion
'E're since the brooding *Rump*, they're *addle* too,
'In the long Egg lyes *Cock a doodle-doo.*

2. 'Chuse

2. 'Chuſe *Coleworts* planted on a ſoil that's dry,
'Even they are *worſe for th' wetting* (verily:)
3. 'If Friend from far ſhall come to viſit, then
'Say thou wouldſt treat the Wight with mortal (*Hen*,
'Do'nt thou forthwith pluck off the *cackling* head,
'And impale Corps on *Spit* as ſoon as dead;
'For ſo ſhe will be *tough* beyond all meaſure,
'And Friend ſhall make a trouble of a pleaſure,
'Steep't in good Wine let her her life ſurrender,
'O then ſhe'l eat moſt admirably tender. (beſt,
4. '*Muſhromes* that grow in Meadows are the
'For ought I know there's Poyſon in the reſt.
5. 'He that would many happy Summers ſee,
'Let him eat *Mulberries* freſh off the Tree,
'Gather'd before the Sun's too high, for theſe
'Shall hurt his Stomack leſs than *Cheſhire* Cheeſe.
6. '*Auſidius* (had you done ſo't had undon ye)
'Sweetned his morning's draughts of *Sack* with
'But he did ill, to empty veines to give (*Honey*;
'Corroding *Potion* for a *Lenitive*.
7. 'If any man to *drink* do thee inveigle in,
'Firſt whet thy *whiſtle* with ſome good *Methegelin*.
8. 'If

8. 'If thou art *bound*, and in continual doubt,
'Thou ſhalt get in no more till ſome get out,
'The *Muſcle* or the *Cockle* will unlock
'Thy Bodies *trunk*, and give a vent to *nock*;
'Some ſay that *Sorrel* Steep't in Wine will do
'But to be ſure, put in ſome *Aloes* too.

9. 'All *ſhell-fiſh* (with the growing *Moon* in-
'Are ever, when ſhe fills her *Orb*, the beſt; (creaſt)
'But for brave *Oyſters*, Sir, exceeding rare,
'They are not to be met with every where;
'Your *Wall-fleet Oyſters* no man will prefer
'Before the juicy Graſs-green *Colcheſter*;
'*Hungerford Crawfiſh* match me if you can,
'There's no ſuch Crawlers in the Ocean. (think

10. 'Next for your Suppers, you (it may be)
'There go's no more to't, but juſt *eat* and *drink*;
'But let me tell you Sir, and tell you plain,
'To dreſs'em well requires a man of brain;
'His *Palate* muſt be quick, and ſmart, and ſtrong,
'For Sauce, a very *Critick* in the Tongue.

11. 'He that pays dear for *Fiſh*, nay though the (beſt,
'May pleaſe his *Fiſhmonger*, more than his *Gueſt*,

'If

'If he be ignorant what ſawce is proper,
'There's *Machiavel* in the *Menage* of a Supper.

12. 'For *Swines-fleſh*, give me that of the *Wild*
'Purſu'd and hunted all the Forreſt o're; (*Boar*,
'He to the liberal *Oke* ne're quits his love,
'And when he finds no *Acrons*, grunts at *Jove*;
'The *Hampſhire* Hog with Peaſe and Whey that's
'Stir'd up, is neither good alive nor dead. (fed

13. 'The tendrels of the *Vine* are Sallads good
'If when they are in ſeaſon underſtood.

14. If Servants to thy Board a *Rabbet* bring,
'Be wiſe, and in the firſt place carve a Wing.

15. 'When Fiſh and Fowl are right, and at juſt
'A Feeders curioſity t'aſſwage, (age,
'If any ask, who found the Myſtery?
'Let him inquire no further, I am he.

16. 'Some fancy Bread out of the Oven hot,
'Variety 's the *Glutton*'s happieſt lot.

17. 'It's not enough the *wine* you have be pure
'But of your *Oyl* as well you ought be ſure.

18. 'If any fault be in the *generous Wine*,
'Set it abroad all night, and 'twill refine,
'But never ſtrein't, nor let it paſs through *Linen*,

'*Wine* will be worſe for that, as well as Women.

19. 'The Vintner that of *Malaga* and *Sherry*
'With damn'd ingredients patcheth up *Canary*,
'With *ſegregative* things, as *Pigeons* eggs,
'Strait purifies, and takes away the dregs.

20. 'An o're-charg'd Stomack roaſted *ſhrimps* (will eaſe,
'The Cure by *Lettuce* is worſe than the Diſeaſe.

21. 'To quicken Appetite it will behoove ye
'To feed couragiouſly on good *Anchovie*.

22. '*Weſtphalia Ham*, and the *Bologna* Saw- (ſage;
'For ſecond or third courſe will clear a paſſage,
'But *Lettuce* after Meals! fie on't, the Glutton
'Had better feed upon *Ram-ally*-Mutton.

23. 'Twere worth one's while in Palace or in (Cottage,
'Right well to know the ſundry ſorts of *Pottage*;
'There is your *French* Pottage, *Nativity* broth,
'Yet that of *Fetter lane* exceeds them both;
'About a limb of a departed *Tup*
'There may you ſee the green herbs boyling up,
'And fat abundance o're the furnace float,
'Reſembling *Whale-Oyl* in a *Greenland* Boat,

24. 'The

24. 'The *Kentish* Pippin's best, I dare be bold,
'That ever Blew-Cap *Costard-monger* sold.
25. 'Of *Grapes*, I like the *Raisins of the Sun*.
'I was the First immortal Glory won,
'By mincing *Pickle Herrings*, with these *Raisin*
'And Apples; 'Twas I set the world a gazing,
'When once they tasted of this *Hogan* Fish,
'Pepper and Salt *enamelling* the Dish.
26. ''Tis ill to purchase great Fish with great (matter,
'And then to serve it up in scanty Platter;
'Nor is it less unseemly some believe,
'From Boy with *greasy* fist *drink* to receive,
'But the Cup foul within's enough to make
'A *squemish* creature puke and turn up *stomach*.
27. 'Then *Brooms* and *Napkins* and the *Flan-* (*ders* Tyle,
'These must be had too, or the Feast you spoil,
'Things little thought on, and not very dear,
'And yet how much they cost one in a year!
28. 'Would'st thou rub *Alablaster* with hands (sable,
'Or spread a *Diaper* Cloth on dirty Table?

'*More coſt, more worſhip*: Come: be *a la mode*
'Embeliſh *Treat*, as thou would do an *Ode*.
Hor. *O learned Sir, how greedily I hear*
Thy elegant Diatriba *of good chear!*
Now by all that's good, by all provant you love,
By ſturdy Chine of Beeſe, *and mighty* Jove,
I do conjure thy gravity, *let me ſee*
The man that made thee this Diſcovery;
For he that ſees Original's *more happy*
Than him that draws by an ill-favour'd Copy,
O bring me to the man, I ſo admire!
The Flint *from whence brake forth theſe ſparks of* (*fire,*
What ſatisfaction would the Viſion bring?
If ſweet the ſtream, much ſweeter is the ſpring.

The

The Disappointed.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

OFt have I pondered in my pensive heart,
When even from my self I've stoll'n away,
And heavily considered many a day,
The cause of all my anguish, and my smart:
Sometimes besides a shady grove,
(As dark as were my thoughts, as close as was my
Dejected have I walk't alone, (Love
Acquainting scarce my self with my own moan.
Once I resolv'd undauntedly to hear,
What 'twas my *Passions* had to say,
To find the reason of that uproar there,
And calmly, if I could, to end the fray:
No sooner was my resolution known
But I was all 'Confusion.
Fierce *Anger*, flattering *Hope*, and black *Despair*,
Bloody *Revenge*, and most ignoble *Fear*,
Now altogether clamorous were,

My breaſt a perfect *Chaös* grown,
A maſs of nameleſs things together hurl'd,
Like th' formleſs *Embrio* of the unborn world,
Juſt as it's rouzing from eternal night,
Before the great *Creator* ſaid, *Let there be Light.*

II.

Thrice happy then are beaſts ſaid I,
That underneath theſe pleaſant Coverts ly,
They only ſleep, and eat, and drink,
They never meditate, nor think;
Or if they do, have not the happy art
To vent the overflowings of their heart,
They without trouble live, without diſorder die,
Regardleſs of Eternity.
I ſaid, I would like them be wiſe,
And not perplex my ſelf in vain,
Nor bite the uneaſie Chain,
No, no, ſaid I, I will *Philoſophize!*
And all the ill-natur'd World deſpiſe:
But when I had reflected long,
And with deliberation thought (taught,
How few have practis'd, what they gravely
(Tho'

(Tho' 'tis but folly to complain)
I judg'd it worth a generous diſdain,
And brave defiance in *Pinderique* Song.

ON
Mrs. *E. MONTAGUE*'s
Bluſhing in the Croſs Bath.

A Tranſlation.

I.

AMidſt the Nymphs (the glory of the flood)
Thus once the beauteous *Ægle* ſtood,
So ſweet a tincture e're the Sun appears
The baſhful ruddy morning wears:
Thus through a Cryſtal wave the Coral glow's,
And ſuch a Bluſh ſits on the Virgin Roſe.

II.

Ye envied Waters that with ſafety may
Around her ſnowy Boſome play,

Cheriſh with gentle heat that Noble Breſt
Which ſo much Innocence ha's bleſt,
Such Innocence as hitherto ne're know,
What miſchief *Venus*, or her Son could do.

Then from this hallow'd place
Let the profane and wanton Eye withdraw,
For Virtue cladin Scarlet ſtrikes an aw
From the Tribunal of a lovely Face.

Il Infido.

I.

I Breath 'tis true, wretch that I am, 'tis true,
But if to live, be only not to dye,
If nothing in that bubble Life be gay,
But all to a Tear muſt melt away;
Let Fools and Stoicks be cajol'd, ſay I:
Thou that lik'ſt Eaſe and Love, like me
When once the world ſays farewel both to thee,
What haſt thou more to do
Than in diſdain to ſay, Thou fooliſh world, Adieu!

There

There was a time, Fool that I was! when I
Believ'd there might be ſomething here below,
A ſeeming Cordial to my drooping Heart
That might allay my bitter ſmart:
I call'd it *Friend*:——but ô th' Inconſtancy
Of humane things! I try'd it long,
It's Love was fervent, and I phancy'd ſtrong:
But now I plainly ſee,
Or 'tis withdrawn, or elſe 'twas All Hypocriſie.

III.

I ſaw thy much-eſtranged eyes, I ſaw
Falſe *Muſidore* thy formal alter'd Face,
When thou betrayd'ſt my ſeeming happineſs,
And coldly took'ſt my kind Addreſs:
But know that I will live; for in thy place
Heaven has provided for me now
A conſtant Friend, that dares not break a vow,
That *Friend* will I embrace,
And never more my overweaning Love miſplace.

Il Immaturo.

EPITAPH.

BRave Youth, whoſe too too haſty Fate
His Glories did anticipate,
Whoſe active Soul had laid the great deſign
To emulate thoſe *Herods* of his Line!
He ſhew'd the world how great a Man
Might be contracted to a Span;
How ſoon our teeming expectations fail,
How little tears and wiſhes can prevail:
Could Life hold out with theſe ſupplies
He'd liv'd ſtill in his Parents eyes,
And this cold ſtone had ne're ſaid, *HERE HE*
LIES.

ON

ON

Mrs. DOVE.

EPITAPH.

'TIs thus——and thus farewel to all
Vain Mortals do Perfection call;
To Beauty, Goodneſs, Modeſty
Sweet temper, and true Piety.
The reſt an *Angel*'s Pen muſt tell;
Long, Long, beloved Duſt Farewell.
Thoſe Bleſſings which we highlieſt prize
Are ſooneſt raviſh't from our Eyes.

Lucretius.

SEd jam nec Domus accipiet te læta, nec Uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oſcula nati
Præcipere, & tacita pectus dulcedine tangent.

Paraphraſed

Paraphraſed.

WHen thou ſhalt leave this miſerable Life,
Farewell thy Houſe, farewel thy charming (Wife,
Farewell for ever to thy *Souls* delight,
Quite blotted out in everlaſting night!
No more thy pretty darling Babes ſhall greet (thee
By the kind Name, nor ſtrive who firſt ſhall meet (thee,
Their Kiſſes with a ſecret pleaſure ſhall not move (thee,
For who ſhall ſay to thy Dead Clay, I Love (Thee!

ON

ON

Dr. BROWN'S TRAVELS.

THus from a foreign Clime rich Merchants (come
And thus unlade their Rarities at *home*:
Thus, undergo an acceptable toyle,
With Treasures to enrich their native Soyle.
They for themselves, for others you unfold
A Cargo swoln with Diamonds and Gold.
With Indefatigable Travels, They
The trading World, the Learned you survey;
And for renown with great *Columbus* vye,
In subterranean Cosmography.

II.

ON POVERTY.

I.

O Poverty! thou great and wise-man's School
Mistress of Arts! and scandal to the Fool!
Heaven's sacred Badge, which th' Heroes hereto-
(Bright Caravans of Saints and Martyrs) wore. (fore;
To th' Holt Triumphant valiant Souls are sent,
From those we call the Ragged Regiment:
Sure Guide to everlasting Peace above.
Thou do'st th' impediments remove;
Th' unnecessary Loads of Wealth and State,
Which make men swell too big for the strait Gate.

II.

Thou happy Port, where we from storms are free,
And need not fear (false world) thy Pyracy.
Hither for ease and Shelter did retire
The busie *Charles*, and wearied *Casimire*;

Abjur'd

Abjur'd their Thrones, and made a ſolemn Vow,
Their radiant heads to thee ſhould ever bow.
Why ſhould thy Tents ſo terrible appear
Where Monarchs Reformadoes were?
Why ſhould men call that ſtate of Life forlorn,
Which God approves off, and which Kings have (born?

III.

Mad Luxury! what do thy Vaſſals reap
From a Life's long debauch, but late to weep!
What the curs't Miſer, who would fain Ape Thee,
And wear thy Livery, Great POVERTY!
The Prudent wretch for future Ages cares,
And hoards up ſins for his impatient Heirs!
Full little do's he think the time will come
When he is gone to his long Home,
The Prodigal Youth for whom he took ſuch pains
Shall be thy Slave, and wear thy loathed Chains.

Urania

URANIA

To her Friend

PARTHENISSA:

A

DREAM.

IN a ſoft Viſion of the night,
My Fancy repreſented to my ſight
A goodly gentle Shade;
Methought it mov'd with a Majeſtick Grace,
But the ſurprizing ſweetneſs of it's Face
Made me amaz'd, made me afraid:
I found a ſecret ſhivering in my heart,
Such as Friends feel that Meet or Part:
Approaching nearer with a timerous eye,
Is then my *Partheniſſa* Dead, ſaid I?
Ah *Partheniſſa!* if thou yet art kind,
As kind as when like me, Thou mortal wert,
When

When Thou, and I had equal ſhare in Either's (Heart,
How canſt thou bear that I am left behind!
Dear *Partheniſſa!* O thoſe pleaſant hours,
That bleſt our innocent Amours!
When in the common Treaſury of one Breaſt,
All that was Thine or Mine did reſt.
Dear *Partheniſſa!*---Friend! what ſhall I ſay?
Ah ſpeak to thy *Urania!*
Oh envious Death! nothing but thee I fear'd,
No other Rival could eſtrange
Her Soul from mine or make a Change.
Scarce had I ſpoke my paſſionate fears,
And overwhelm'd my ſelf in tears:
But *Partheniſſa* ſmil'd, and then ſhe diſappear'd.

On the Death of the Earl of ROCHESTER.

Paſtoral.

I.

As on his death-bed gaſping *Strephon* lay,
Strephon the wonder of the Plains,
The nobleſt of th' *Arcadian* Swains;
Strephon the Bold, the Witty, and the Gay:
With many a ſigh and many a tear he ſaid,
Remember me ye Shepherds when I'm dead.

II.

Ye triffling Glories of this world, Adieu,
And vain applauſes of the Age;
For when we quit this Earthly Stage,
Believe me Shepherds, for I tell you true;
Thoſe pleaſures which from virtuous deeds we have,
Procure the ſweeteſt ſlumbers in the Grave.

Then

III.

Then since your fatal Hour must surely come,
Surely your heads lye low as mine,
Your bright Meridian Sun decline;
Beseech the mighty *Pan* to guard you home:
If to *Elizium* you would happy fly,
Live not like *Strephon*, but like *Strephon dye*.

ON

Dr. WOODFORD's

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

CANTICLES.

I.

WEll! since it must be so, so let it be,
For what do Resolutions signifie,
When we are urg'd to write by Destiny?

II.

I had reſolv'd, nay, and I almoſt ſwore,
My bedrid Muſe ſhould walk abroad no more:
Alas! 'tis more than time that I give o're.

III.

In the Receſſes of a private Breaſt,
I thought to entertain your charming Gueſt,
And never to have boaſted of my Feaſt.

IV.

But ſee (my Friend) when through the world you go,
My Laquy-Verſe muſt ſhadow-like purſue,
Thin, and Obſcure to make a Foyl for you.

V.

'Tis true, you cannot need my feeble Praiſe,
A laſting Monument to your Name to raiſe,
Well-known in Heav'n by your Angeliqu' Layes.

VI.

There in indelible Characters they are writ,
Where

Where no pretended Heights will eaſie ſit,
But thoſe of ſerious conſecrated wit.

VII.

By immaterial defecated Love,
Your Soul it's Heavenly Origin do's approve,
And in leaſt dangerous Raptures ſoars above.

VIII.

How could I wiſh (dear Friend!) unſaid ages
(For once I rank'd my ſelf with tuneful men)
Whatever dropt from my unhallowed Pen!

IX.

The triffling Rage of youthful heat, once paſt,
Who is not troubled for his wit miſplac'd!
All pleaſant Follies breed regret at laſt.

X.

While Reverend *Don*'s, and noble *Herbert*'s (Flame
A glorious immortality ſhall claim,
In the moſt durable Records of Fame;

XI.

Our modish Rhimes, like Culinary Fire,
Unctuous and Earthy, shall in smoak expire;
In odorous Clouds your Incense shall aspire.

XII.

Let th'*Pagan*-world your pious verse defie,
Yet shall they envy when they come to dye,
Your wiser Projects on Eternity.

LAODAMIA

LAODAMIA TO PROTESILAUS. ONE OF OVID'S Epiſtles Tranſlated.

The ARGUMENT.

Proteſilaus *lying Windbound at* Aulis, *in the Grecian Fleet, deſign'd for the Trojan War, his Wife* Laodamia *ſends this following Epiſtle to Him.*

HEalth to the gentle Man of War, and may
What *Laodamia* ſends, the Gods convey.
The Wind that ſtill in *Aulis* holds my Dear,
Why was it not ſo croſs to keep Him here?

Let the Wind raiſe an *Hurricane* at Sea,
Were he but ſafe and warm aſhore with me.
Ten thouſand kiſſes I had more to give him,
Ten thouſand cautions, and ſoft words to leave him:
In haſt he left me, ſummon'd by the Wind,
(The Wind to barbarous Mariners only kind,)
The Seaman's pleaſure, is the Lover's pain,
(*Proteſilaus* from thy boſome tane!
As from my faultering tongue half ſpeeches fell,
(Scarce could I ſpeak that wounding word *Farewell*,
A merry Gale (at Sea they call it ſo)
Fill'd every Sayl with joy, my breaſt with wo,
There went my dear *Proteſilaus*——
While I could ſee Thee, full of eager pain,
My greedy eyes epicuriz'd on Thine,
When Thee no more, but thy ſpread Sayls I view,
I look't, and look't, till I had loſt them too;
But when nor Thee, nor them I could deſcry,
And all was Sea that came within my eye,
They ſay (for I have quite forgot) they ſay
I ſtrait grew pale, and fainted quite away;
Compaſſionate *Iphiclus*, and the good old man,
My Mother too to my aſſiſtance ran;

In

In haſt cold water on my Face they threw,
And brought me to my ſelf with much ado,
They meant it well, to me it ſeem'd not ſo,
Much kinder had they been to let me go;
My anguiſh with my Soul together came,
And in my heart burſt out the former flame:
Since which, my uncomb'd locks unheeded flow,
Undreſt, forlorn, I care not how I go;
Inſpir'd with Wine, thus *Bacchus* frolique rout
Stagger'd of old, and ſtraggled all about.
Put on, Put on, the happy Ladies ſay,
Thy Royal Robes fair *Laodamia*.
Alas! before *Troy*'s Walls my dear does lye,
What pleaſure can I take in *Tyrian* dy?
Shall Curles adorn my head, an Helmet thine?
I in bright tiſſues, thou in Armour ſhine?
Rather with ſtudied negligence I'le be
As ill, if not diſguiſed worſe than thee.
O *Paris*! rais'd by ruins! may'ſt thou prove
As fatal in thy War, as in thy Love!
O that the *Grecian Dame* had been leſs fair,
Or thou leſs lovely hadſt appear'd to Her!

O

O *Menelaus!* timely ceaſe to ſtrive,
With how much blood wilt thou thy loſs retrieve?
From ye, ye Gods, avert your heavy doom,
And bring my Dear, laden with Laurels home:
But my heart fails me, when I think of War,
The ſad reflection coſts me many a tear:
I tremble when I hear the very name
Of every place where thou ſhalt fight for fame;
Beſides th' adventurous *Raviſher* well knew
The ſafeſt Arts his Villany to purſue;
In noble dreſs he did her heart ſurprize,
With Gold he dazled her unguarded Eyes,
He back't his Rape with Ships and armed Men,
Thus ſtorm'd, thus took the beauteous Fortreſs in.
Againſt the power of Love and force of Arms
There's no ſecurity in the brighteſt Charms.
Hector I fear, much do I *Hector* fear,
A Man (they ſay) experienc'd in War,
My Dear, if thou haſt any love for me,
Of that ſame *Hector* prithee mindful be;
Fly him be ſure, and every other Foe,
Leſt each of them ſhould prove an *Hector* too.

Remember

Remember, when for fight thou ſhalt prepare,
Thy *Laodamia* charg'd thee, Have a care,
For what wounds thou receiv'ſt, are giv'n to her.
If by thy valour *Troy* muſt ruin'd be,
May not the ruin leave one Scar on thee;
Sharer in th' honour from the danger free!
Let *Menelaus* fight, and force his way (*Iena.*
Through the falſe *Raviſher's* Troops to his *He-*
Great be his Victory, as his Cauſe is good.
May he ſwim to her in his Enemies Blood.
Thy Caſe is different.——may'ſt thou live to ſee
(Deareſt) no other Combatant but me!

Ye generous *Trojans*, turn your Swords away
From his dear Breaſt, find out a nobler Prey,
Why ſhould you harmleſs *Laodamia* ſlay?
My poor good natur'd Man did never know
What 'tis to fight, or how to face a Foe;
Yet in Love's Field what wonders can he do?
Great is his Proweſs and his Fortune too;
Let them go fight, who know not how to woe.

Now I muſt own, I fear'd to let thee go,
My trembling Lips had almoſt told thee ſo.

When

When from thy Father's Houſe thou didſt with-draw,
Thy fatal ſtumble at the door I ſaw,
I ſaw it, ſigh'd, and pray'd the ſign might be
Of thy return a happy Prophecy!
I cannot but acquaint thee with my fear,
Be not too brave,---Remember,----Have a care,
And all my dreads will vaniſh into Air.

Among the *Grecians* ſome one muſt be found
That firſt ſhall ſet his foot on *Trojan* ground;
Unhappy ſhe that ſhall his loſs bewail,
Grant, O ye Gods, thy courage then may fail.
Of all the Ships be thine the very laſt,
Thou the laſt Man that lands; there needs no haſte
To meet a potent, and a treacherous Foe;
Thou'lt land I fear too ſoon, tho' ne're ſo ſlow,
At thy Return ply every Sail and Oar,
And nimbly leap on thy deſerted ſhore.

All the day long, and all the lonely night
Black thoughts of thee my anxious Soul affright:
Darkneſs, to other Womens pleaſures kind,
Augments, like Hell, the torments of my mind.
I court e'en Dreams, on my forſaken Bed,
Falſe Joys muſt ſerve, ſince all my true are fled.

What's

What's that ſame aiery *Phantom* ſo like thee!
What wailings do I hear, what paleneſs ſee?
I Wake, and hug my ſelf, 'tis but a Dream.——
The *Grecian* Altars know I feed their flame,
The want of hallow'd Wine my tears ſupply,
Which make the ſacred fire burn bright and high.
When ſhall I claſp thee in theſe Arms of mine,
Theſe longing Arms, and lie diſſolv'd in thine?
When ſhall I have thee by thy ſelf alone,
To learn the wondrous Actions thou haſt done?
Which when in rapturous words thou haſt begun
With many, and many a kiſs, prithee tell on,
Such interruptions graceful pauſes are,
A Kiſs in Story's but an Halt in War.
But, when I think of *Troy*, of winds and waves,
I fear the pleaſant dream my hope deceives:
Contrary winds in *Port* detain thee too,
In ſpight of wind and tide why wouldſt thou go?
Thus, to thy Country thou wouldſt hardly come,
In ſpight of wind and tide thou went'ſt from home.
To his own City *Neptune* ſtops the way,
Revere the *Omen*, and the God's obey.

Return

Return ye furious *Grecians*, homeward fly,
Your ſtay is not of Chance, but Deſtiny:
How can your Arms expect deſir'd ſucceſs,
That thus contend for an *Adultereſs*?
But, let not me foreſpeak you, no, ——ſet Sail,
And Heav'n befriend you with a proſperous gale!
Ye *Trojans*! with regret methinks I ſee
Your firſt encounter with your Enemy;
I ſee fair *Helen* put on all her Charms,
To buckle on her luſty Bridegroom's Arms;
She gives him Arms, and kiſſes ſhe receives,
(I hate the tranſports each to other gives.)
She leads him forth, and ſhe commands him come
Safely victorious, and triumphant home,
And he (no doubt) will make no nice delay,
But diligently do what e're ſhe ſay;
Now he returns! —ſee with what amorous ſpeed
She takes the pond'rous Helmet from his head,
And courts the weary Champion to her Bed.
We Women, too too credulous alas!
Think what we fear, will ſurely come to paſs.
Yet, while before the Leaguer thou doſt lie,
Thy *Picture* is ſome pleaſure to my Eye,

That,

That, I careſs in words moſt kind and free,
And lodge it on my Breaſt, as I would Thee;
There muſt be ſomething in it more than Art,
'Twere very Thee, could it thy mind impart;
I kiſs the pretty *Idol*, and complain,
As if (like Thee) 't would anſwer me again.
By thy return, by thy dear Self, I ſwear,
By our Loves Vows, which moſt religious are,
By thy beloved Head, and thoſe gray Hairs
Which time may on it Snow in future years,
I come, where e're thy Fate ſhall bid Thee go,
Eternal Partner of thy Weal and Woe,
So thou but live, tho' all the God's ſay No.
Farewel,----but prethee very careful be
Of thy beloved Self (I mean) of me.

TO THE

Excellent Maſter of MUSICK

SEIGNIOR

PIETRO REGGIO,

On His BOOK of

SONGS.

THo to advance thy Fame, full well I know
How very little my dull Pen can do;
Yet, with all deference, I gladly wait,
Enthrong'd amongſt th' attendants on thy State:
Thus when *Arion*, by his Friends betray'd,
Upon his Underſtanding-*Dolphin* playd,
The Scaly People there Reſentments ſhow'd
By pleas'd Levoltoes on the wondring ſloud.
Great Artiſt! Thou deſerv'ſt our loudeſt Praiſe
From th' Garland to the meaneſt branch of Bays;

For

For Poets can but *Say*, Thou mak'ſt them *Sing*,
And th' Embrio-words do'ſt to Perfection bring;
By us the Muſe conceives, but when that's done,
Thy Midwifry makes fit to ſee the Sun;
Our naked Lines, dreſt, and adorn'd by Thee,
Aſſume a Beauty, Pomp, and Bravery;
So awful and majeſtick they appear,
They need not bluſh to reach a Princes ear.
Princes tho to poor Poets ſeldom kind,
Their Numbers turn'd to Air, with pleaſure mind,
Studied and labour'd tho our Poems be
Alas! they dye unheeded without Thee,
Whoſe Art can make our breathleſs Labours live,
Spirit and everlaſting Vigour give.
Whether we write of *Heroes and of Kings*
In Mighty Numbers, Mighty Things,
Or in an humble *Ode* expreſs our Senſe
Of th' happy ſtate of Eaſe and Innocence,
A Country Life, where the contented Swain,
Huggs his Dear Peace, and does a Crown diſdain;
Thy dextrous *Notes* with all our Thoughts com-
Can creep on Earth, can up to Heaven fly; (ply,

In Heights, and Cadences, ſo ſweet, ſo ſtrong,
They ſuit a Shepherd's Reed, an Angels Tongue.
——————But who can comprehend
The Raptures of thy Voice, and Miracles of thy (Hand?

IN

IN THE

TEMPLE CHURCH.

HEic *juxta jacet*
Johannes King *Miles*,
Sereniſſimo Carolo *Secundo*
In Legibus Angliæ *Conſultus*,
Illuſtriſſimo Jacobo *Duci* Eboracenſi
Sollicitator Generalis.

Qualis, Quantúſve ſis Lector
Profundum obſtupeſce;
Labia digitis comprime,
Oculos lachrymis ſuffunde.
En! ad pedes tuos
Artis, & naturæ ſuprema Conamina,
Fatorum Ludibria!
Non itá pridem
Erat Iſte Pulvis omnifariám Doctus

Muzarum Gazophylacium,
Eloquentiam calluit, claram, puram, innocuam,
Legibus ſuæ Patriæ erat Inſtructiſſimus,
Suis charus, Principibus gratus, Omnibus urba-
Sui ſæculi (*nus,*
Ornamentum illuſtre, Deſiderium irreparabile.
Hinc diſce Lector
Quantilla Mortalitatis Gloria
Splendidiſſimis decoratæ Dotibus.

Dulcem ſoporem agite
Dilecti, Eruditi, Beati Cineres!

Obiit *Junii* 29. 1677.
Ætat. 38.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR BROTHER Mr. *RICHARD FLATMAN.*

Pindariqu' Ode.

Stanza I.

UNhappy Muſe! employ'd ſo oft
On melancholy thoughts of Death,
What haſt Thou left ſo tender, and ſo ſoft
As thy poor Maſter fain would breath
O're this lamented Herſe?
No uſual flight of fancy can become
My ſorrows o're a *Brother's* Tomb.
O that I could be elegant in Tears,
That with Conceptions, not unworthy Thee,
Great as Thy Merit, Vigorous as Thy years,

I might convey Thy *Elegy*
To th' Grief, and Envy of Poſterity!
A gentler Youth ne're Crown'd his Parent's cares,
Or added ampler Joy to their grey Hairs;
Kind to his Friends, to His Relations Dear,
Eaſie to all.——Alas! what is there Here
For Man to ſet his heart upon
Since what we dote on moſt, is ſooneſt gone!
Ai me! I've loſt a ſweet Companion
A Friend, A Brother All in One!

II.

How did it chil my Soul to ſee thee lye
Strugling with pangs in thy laſt Agony!
When with a manly courage thou didſt brave
Approaching Death, and with a ſteddy mind
(Ever averſe to be confin'd)
Didſt triumph o're the Grave.
Thou mad'ſt no womaniſh moan,
But ſcorn'dſt to give one groan:
He that begg's pity is afraid to Dye,
Only the Brave deſpiſe their Deſtiny.
But, when I call to mind how thy kind Eyes
Were

Were paſſionately fixt on mine,
How, when Thy faultring Tongue gave
And I could hear thy pleaſing Voice no more;(o're,
How, when I laid my Cheek to thine,
Kiſt thy pale lips, and preſt thy trembling Hand,
Thou, in return, ſmild'ſt gently in my Face,
And huggd'ſt me with a cloſe Embrace,
I am amaz'd, I am unmann'd;
Something extremely kind I fain would ſay,
But through the tumult of my Breaſt,
With too officious Love oppreſt,
I find my feeble words can never force their way.

III.

Beloved Youth! what ſhall I do!
Once my Delight, my Torment now!
How immaturely art Thou ſnatch't away!
But Heaven ſhines on Thee with many a glorious
Of an unclouded, and immortal Day, (Ray
Whilſt I lye grovcling Here Below
In a Dark Stormy Night.
The bluſtring Storm of Life with Thee is o're,
For thou art landed on That happy Shore,

Where

Where thou canſt Hope, or Fear no more;
Thence with compaſſion thou ſhalt ſee
The Plagues, the Wars, the Fires, the Scarcity,
The Devaſtations of an Enemy,
From which Thy early Fate ha's ſet Thee free;
For when Thou went'ſt to thy Long Home,
Thou wert exempt from all the Ills to come,
And ſhalt hereafter be
Spectator only of the Tragedy
Acted on frail Mortality:
So ſome One lucky Mariner
From ſhipwrack ſav'd by a propitious Star,
Advanc'd upon a neighb'ring Rock looks down,
And ſee's far off his old Companions Drown.

IV.

There in a ſtate of perfect Eaſe,
Of never interrupted Happineſs,
Thy large illuminated mind
Shall matter of eternal Wonder find;
There doſt thou clearly ſee, how, and from whence
The Stars communicate their influence,
The methods of th' Almighty Architect,

How

How he conſulted with himſelf alone
To lay the wondrous Corner-ſtone,
When He this goodly Fabrick did erect.
There, Thou doſt underſtand
The Motions of the Secret Hand,
That guid's th' inviſible Wheele,
Which Here, we ne're ſhall know, but ever feel;
There Providence, the vain man's Laughing ſtock,
The miſerable Good-man's ſtumbling Block,
Unfolds the puzling Riddle to thy Eyes,
And It's own wiſe contrivance Juſtifie's.
What timorous Man would n't be pleas'd to Dye,
To make ſo noble a Diſcovery?

V.

And muſt I take my ſolemn leave
Till time ſhall be no more!
Can neither ſighs, nor tears, nor prayers retrieve
One chearful Hour!
Muſt one unlucky moment ſever
Us, and our Hopes, Us and our Joys for ever!---
Is this cold Clod of Earth that endear'd Thing
I lately did my Brother call?

Are

Are Theſe the Artful Fingers that might vie
With all the Sons of Harmony
And overpowr them all!
Is This the ſtudious comprehenſive Head
With curious Arts ſo richly furniſhed?
Alas! Thou, and thy Glories all are gone,
Buried in Darkneſs, and Oblivion.
'Tis ſo——and I muſt follow Thee,
Yet but a little while, and I ſhall ſee Thee,
Yet but a little while I ſhall be with Thee,
Then ſome kind Friend perhaps may drop one
(Tear for me.

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